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Saturday Review

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SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

SR Report on Medicine

THE DRUG MAKERS AND THE GOVERNMENT – WHO MAKES THE DECISIONS?

By John Lear

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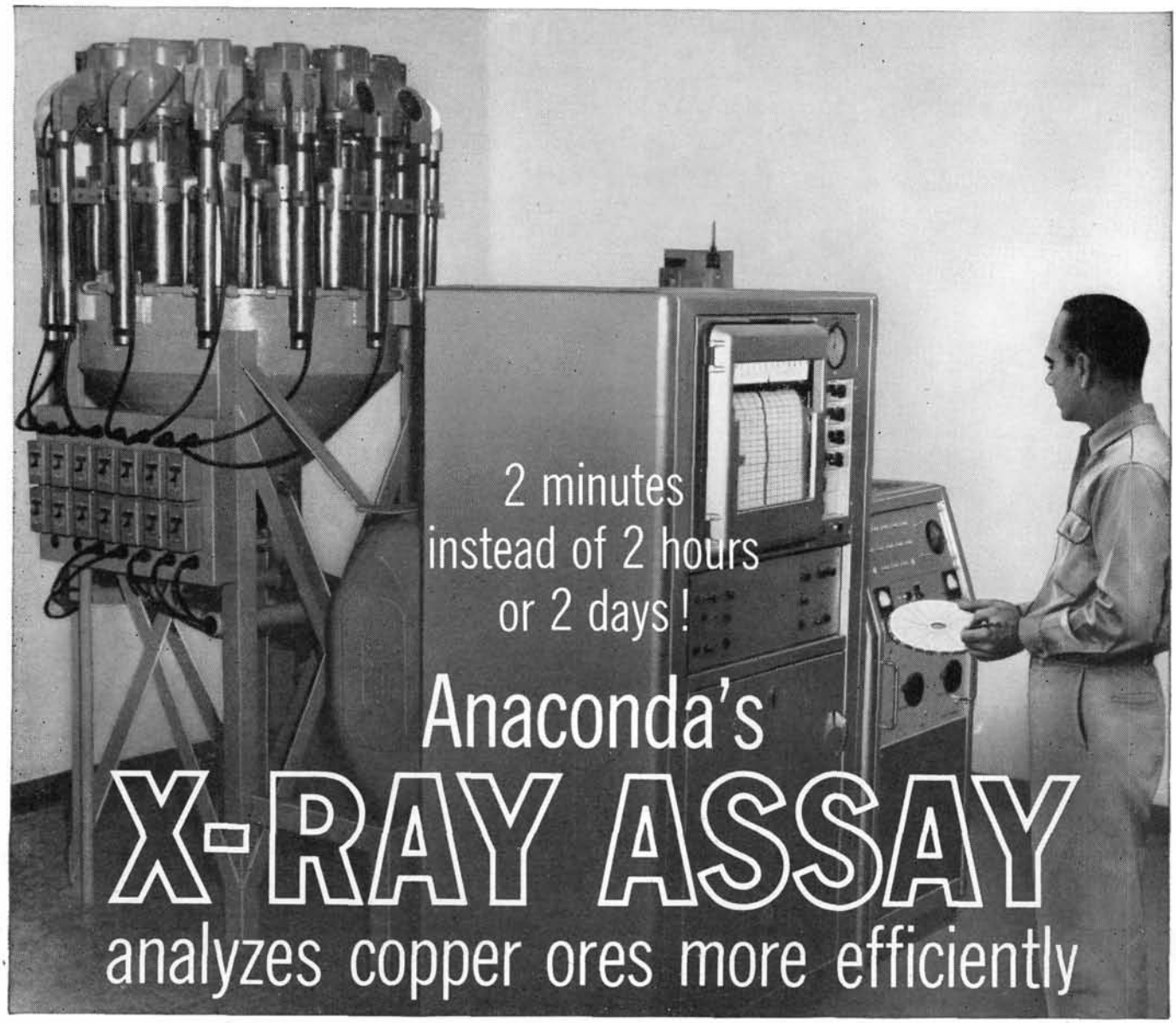

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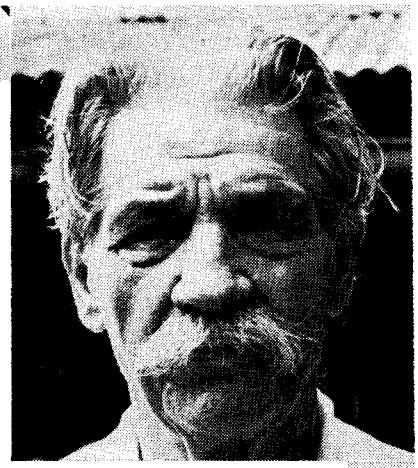
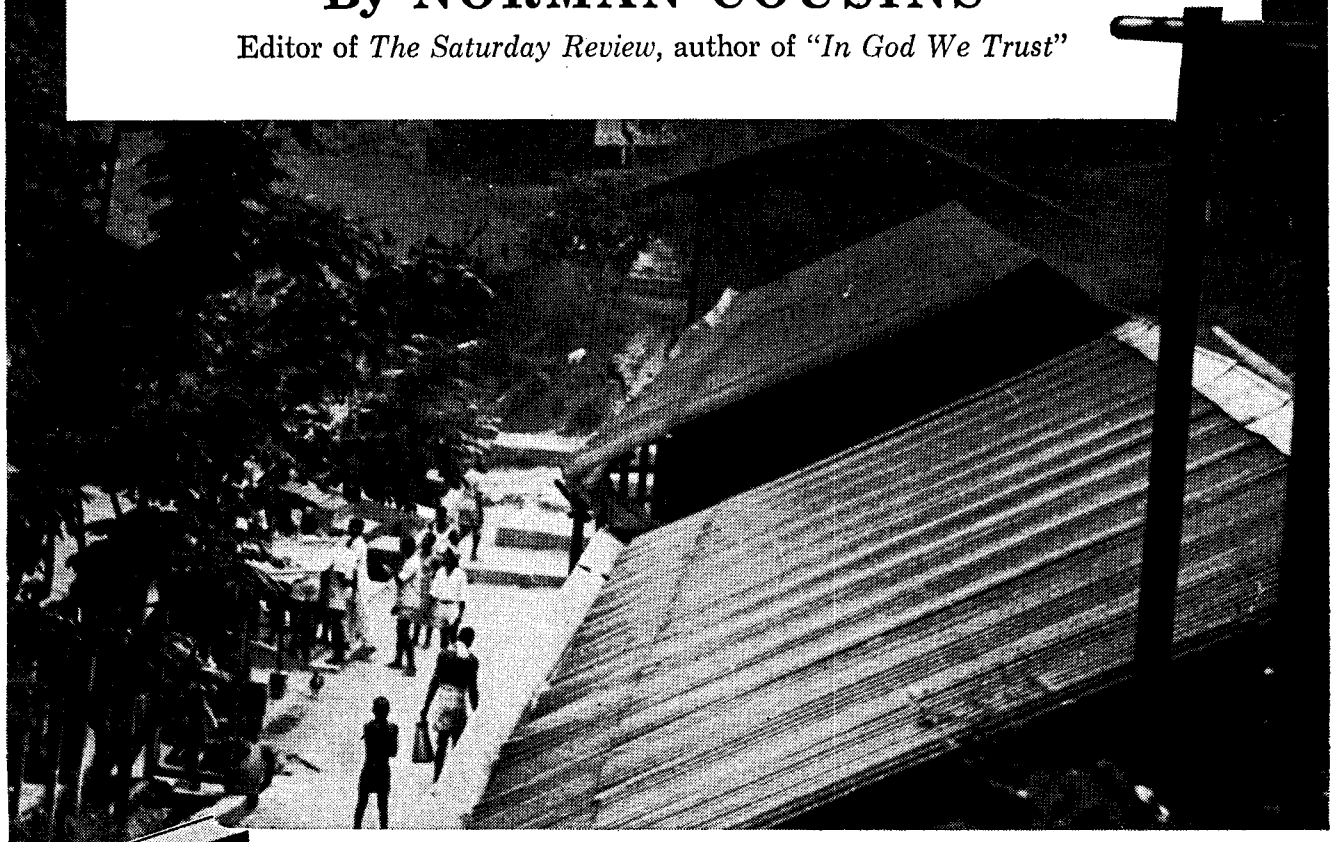


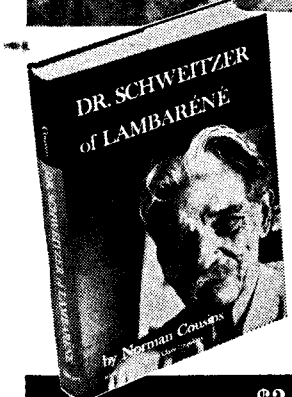
Here is the real Albert Schweitzer —genius in dungarees, Nobel Prize winner in a jungle hut — portrayed in his full human dimension by an important American writer and thinker

Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné

By NORMAN COUSINS

Editor of *The Saturday Review*, author of *"In God We Trust"*





Norman Cousins flew down to Lambaréné to observe and visit—and remained to explore some of the deepest problems of modern civilization with a man many consider the living conscience of the age. The result is a remarkable portrait in which Schweitzer the man springs to life out of the myth others have wrapped about him. Here, in a rich, appealing book, is one of the most fascinating dialogues in contemporary literature.

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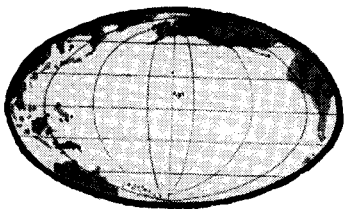

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Saturday Review

JULY 2, 1960

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WHAT REALLY CREATES PROSPERITY?

Let's be realistic.

More wages don't create prosperity. *Actually,* unearned wages create inflation.

What *is* true prosperity? The increase of material wealth.

What basically creates wealth? Not education, culture, social agencies, government. They help spread it, help you enjoy it, use it, control it.

Basically, *industry* creates wealth: by creating more goods for everyone. By keeping costs within reach through mass production and product improvement. By making more jobs for more and more people. Remember—85% of us derive our incomes directly or indirectly from industry and business.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the man who once asked what was so rare as a day in June, also stated that "no price is set on the lavish summer" and that the month of June "may be had by the poorest comer." If so, the month was, in 1960, no bargain. The Summit came and went—and so did the President's trip to Japan. All in all, the country seemed to be about back where we started from, eight long years ago. And somehow, with the conventions approaching, we had to go back to Tennyson's "Maud" for our favorite "a man who" lines:

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by.
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

• • •

The big noise, and news, was Governor Rockfeller. And, with all the boos which came his way from the Republicans, and all the cheers from the Democratic Republicans, one thing was certain. He had, as columnist Inez Robb noted, at the very least put a little excitement into Grand Old Party politics. But not a single columnist, surprisingly enough, seemed to state the real reason why Rockefeller never had the slightest chance for the nomination, either before or after his White (House) Paper. And this reason had, of course, nothing to do with Rockefeller at all. It was the plain and simple fact that, for the Republicans to by-pass their heir apparent, and select a man—any man—outside, would mean, by the very fact of their so doing, an admission of weakness and a lack of confidence in the Republican record. And this no delegate worthy of his salt would be willing to do—for reasons which should be understandable even to Democratic Democrats.

• • •

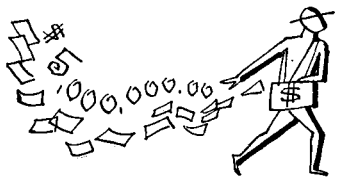
On network TV, Reginald Rose's dramatization of the Sacco-Vanzetti case caused a wide stir, and, as usual when a liberal discovers the case for the first time, there were two sides only—Sacco's and Vanzetti's. Meanwhile, on Broadway, the abortive strike, or "lock-out," as the members of Actors Equity chose to call it, came to an end. Here the producers were monsters, of course, to feel that because you are producing a play you don't necessarily want to get into a lifetime pension plan—and we found it particularly hard to take the clench-fisted pictures of such Equitables as Miss Anne Bancroft, Miss Ethel Merman, and Miss Faye Emerson. Somehow we excused Miss Betsy von Furstenberg, who says she was so hungry in her first play, she ate all the props. "Fortunately," she added, 'Second Threshold' had oodles of food in it."

• • •

Our favorite story of the month was the story of seventeen-year-old Stephen Bayne, the Westbury, New York, high school student who turned down an American Legion award because it came from "an organization whose policies I can't respect." And we also wish to commend Stephen's fellow students, Donald Kursch and Cheryl Humphrey, who, after Stephen was disciplined by his superintendent, were offered the history and English prizes in the class—Stephen had already won music, science, and Spanish—and refused to accept them in his stead. As Bruce Barton once said, "These days you have to be pretty nimble to accept an award"—and we think highly of Westbury's three mighty nimble high schoolers.

• • •

Elsewhere in the entertainment field, Mr. Nicholas Darvas, half of the dancing team of Darvas and Julia, explained to us, via his two theories, the "Box Method" and the "Techno-Fundamentalist" how he made $2,000,000 in the stock market. Afterwards, we mentioned his case to Yale man Jerry Allen, who writes Wall Street's most sophisticated market letter, *Inside Wall Street*. He told us firmly that there was no such thing as a system. "Using the same system with other stocks," he said, "he'd have lost. If the market was logical, all logical people would make money. It's not—it's psychological. Nowadays, stocks, like starlets, are made not born. Don't overlook the promotion factor. Don't get too many of the kind you 'Buy now—pray later.'" We were horrified to hear from Mr. Allen how many companies, merely by changing their name to something ending in "onic," were now becoming part of an exciting new field. And we left Mr. Allen wondering if out of every ten people who are blithely investing in the new glamor stocks there is even one who knows what the word electronics means. Somehow, back at the Harvard Club, it was almost reassuring to overhear an elderly conversation. "There's one thing you've got to say for *our* company," a man said. "It doesn't knuckle under to geniuses."



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On the subject of "Publiciety" we had something of a row with the editor of this magazine over his refusal to have his current book, or his name or even what he wrote about mentioned in our column. We are hereby abiding by the injunction, except to say that the pictures of Lambaréné by Clara Urquhart, are the best we've ever seen. Don't miss them.

• • •

On the other hand, our least favorite story of the month was from columnist Lee Mortimer, who, returning from a trip around the world, said, "I'm tired of countries where people don't understand their own languages . . . where the telephones don't work (or the plumbing either). Where slobs not fit to shine our shoes try to tell America what to do and how to live." We offer in its stead a paragraph by Mr. George Shumlin, head of the Putney European Travel Camp, who wrote his campers what he called "a tip sheet" before going abroad:

> We need to remember that Europe is not essentially a holiday resort or playground for Americans on vacation. It is a place where people live and work. We have a chance to make new friends and to leave them with pleasant impressions of America and Americans. The best preparation for Americans going abroad is a thorough study of the United States. The Europeans will expect you to be an authority about your own country and they will tend to accept your word. Be careful not to expound on a subject you really don't know much about. Your behavior, your manners, your attitudes, your consideration or your lack of it will be under constant observation. You to them are *every* American teen-ager. What a responsibility!

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Perspective/1960

By Theodore H. White

The Eisenhower Valedictory

IT IS SAD that the last of President Eisenhower's voyages about the world has ended where the first began—in Asia, and in failure. Yet out of each failure comes something learned. And if the fiasco of the President's intended visit to Japan causes Americans to re-examine the role of our President in international affairs something nonetheless will have been gained.

Somehow, in the past decade, and particularly in the past few years, a notorious confusion has grown up which can if unchecked warp the effective practice of our diplomacy and diminish the importance of our leadership. This confusion rests on the myth that somehow the President, and the majesty of his office, grow with the size of the cheering mobs that line the streets of dusty foreign capitals as his procession sweeps by bearing the American message. Corollaries of this myth are that he is our ablest bargaining agent and that his presence abroad automatically expresses American goodwill.

Persuaded by such myths, our President in the past eight months has traveled faster and farther than any leader in our history—to Paris in October, to India-the Middle East-Greece-Italy-France in December, to South America in the spring, to Paris again in May, to the Philippines-Formosa-Korea this month. Nor has he been alone in such travels. Statesmen have been rocketing and crisscrossing about the globe this year like satellites in eccentric orbit: DeGaulle to England-Africa-America; Macmillan to France-Germany-America; Khrushchev to America-France-Asia-France; Chou En-lai to India, Kishi to America, Adenauer to France and America, and lesser chiefs of state everywhere like American students in tourist season. In this circus, the American President has been one of the star performers and it is not inappropriate to ask whether the majesty of his office and the purpose of America in the world have been amplified or diminished by his exertions.

A brief historical perspective is not out of order as one reflects on the roots and origins of this enveloping confusion. And such a perspective at once silhouettes the British and the Russians as chief authors of the myths of conference summitry and personal diplomacy.

For the British, summitry is an art brought to its peak by Winston Churchill. In their memory ring the names of such conferences as those of Newfoundland Bay, Arcadia, Quebec, Casablanca, Teheran. At such meetings, the British, a relatively minor power, were elevated by their valor, war experience, and the consummate skill of Winston Churchill to equality with the two power giants of the twentieth century. British survival dates from such summit meetings. And a blur obscures the later failures of Yalta and Potsdam.

The Russians nurse from another tradition—one dating as far back as the days of Lenin and Trotsky and the first Bolshevik diplomacy of Brest-Litovsk. Ignored during the Stalin era, the earlier Communist doctrine of the founding fathers is again honored—the doctrine that sees each international convocation not as a forum of negotiation but a propaganda platform from which Communism appeals to masses of the oppressed over the heads of their leaders.

AMERICANS, however, must look at such matters differently and through the lens of our own experience. From Wilson's unhappy journey to the Versailles Conference down to Eisenhower's humiliation in Paris and Japan, summitry and personal diplomacy have proven a miserable manner of conducting American diplomacy. In the postwar era almost all American triumphs of substance, from such minor triumphs as the ending of the Berlin Blockade and the evacuation of Austria, to such major triumphs as the Marshall Plan were all achieved by quiet, patient, covert negotiation before being confirmed in public. Where memory recalls a successful wartime summit—such as Casablanca and Teheran—it recalls only an administrative conference on tactics for managing a war in which purpose and policy were already agreed before meeting; such conferences as Yalta and Potsdam at which our Presidents discussed issues, were failures.

It is not that our Presidents are lesser men than other chiefs of state, or that our diplomacy is clumsier than that of other peoples. It is simply that summitry and Presidential diplomacy do not fit our Constitutional needs.

Dwight D. Eisenhower, a man of enormous personal courage, of radiant good will, of vast experience in international affairs, has so often proven himself wiser than his professional counsellors in diplomacy that one cannot question his international competence. Were the Eisenhower family the British Royal Family and, like them, only an emblem of honor to be carted around the world opening bridges and ennobling trade fairs, his exertions in travel this year would be justified.

But the President of the United States is more than an emblem. He is at once High Priest of our secular democracy and the Magistrate of its power. So vast is the nature of his power and so complicated its mechanics that he cannot, constitutionally, be brought to a table of negotiation and pinned down in detail. Though his power is greater than that of other chiefs of state he cannot exercise it with the certain, quick precision of parliamentary premiers or dictatorial chiefs. Nor can he be offended personally without suffering offense for all Americans. If the President chooses to bargain with foreign powers he can most wisely bargain through deputies. Deputies can be repudiated, countermanded, second-guessed. The President himself cannot. About the President there must always be an air of remoteness and distance to make majestic American power. When the President submits this majesty to overexposure around the world, to challenge by street mobs, or to scorn by other men at a table, he diminishes it. Though the President of the United States may, as a person and a leader, seek to be loved and make friends—as all Americans at home and abroad wistfully seek to be loved and make friends—this is not his proper duty. His proper duty in foreign affairs is the deployment and disposition of American power in the outer world. This requires a cold, exquisitely nice, unflustered exercise of intelligence at headquarters, not at the front. It is a job performed best from Washington, not in competition with other wandering road salesmen of state.

In one of his recent polls, Mr. Gallup asked the nation which candidate for President is best equipped to sit face-to-face across the table from Khrushchev. Mr. Nixon won by a substantial margin. Too many Americans now accept this thinking as the frame of our diplomacy. If the candidates accept this thinking then they, too, have swallowed the great myths. For the question is not who is the best gladiator to put in the world arena, but how and on what terms the President should choose to exercise his authority in foreign affairs. This is the valedictory of the Eisenhower voyages of the past year and what he has contributed to public experience by his trials.

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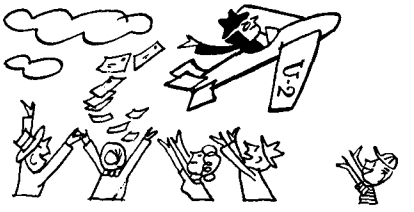
TO THE ORIENT OR TO ROME

Saturday Review* readers may now enter SR's eighth annual World Travel Photo Contest. Deadline for entries: October 15, 1960. *For details, write to Photo Awards Dept., Saturday Review.

TRADE Winds

WHAT'S ALL the secrecy about the U-2? Stamp collectors call it ancient history. On a test mission of the plane on September 5, 1957, the pilot carried some mail for the philatelists. Each envelope was signed with his name and the notation made that this was a test flight of the Lockheed U-2.



SOME MORE of those *New York Daily News* headlines:

After the summit conference broke up: EXIT KHRUSH RAVING.

Switzerland rejects a Moscow protest over the expulsion of two spies: RUSSIAN COMPLAINT FULL OF HOLES, SAY SWISS.

In New York a truckload of dresses is hijacked: $50,000 WORTH OF LADIES SKIRTS LIFTED.

IN MISSISSIPPI the state superintendent of education appointed committees of teachers to select the textbooks for the schools. The system, which might work in other states, was not quite good enough for this one. The Daughters of the American Revolution (gee), White Citizens Council (ugh), and American Legion (wow!) discovered that the works of subversive authors were still to be seen, including bad fellows like Jack London, Arthur Miller, Carl Sandburg, and Archibald MacLeish, whose names were on their list.

Therefore, a new law: the Governor appoints four of his own people to each seven-man textbook committee. Not teachers, but merely anybody who will carry out the Governor's ideas. He said: "All of us ought to be against anything in our textbooks that would teach subversion or integration."

NEVER SLOWING DOWN, it seems, Frances Parkinson Keyes has contracted with Coward-McCann to do a history, in pictures and text, of the worldwide missionary movement and its impact on civilization from early Roman times to Africa and Asia today.

In the fall, Doubleday will publish "Roses in December," which is the story of Mrs. Keyes's own life. I've already read it and liked it, especially the introductory warning, which states: "All persons mentioned in this book are real and any resemblance to fictitious characters is wholly coincidental."

HAS ANYBODY SEEN Marcus L. McHeater? Harper and Brothers want him. At the risk of becoming involved in a combination hoax and publicity stunt I am passing along this news for bounty hunters.

While doing research for their book "No High Ground," the story of the decision to drop the first atom bomb, Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II discovered that there was supposed to be a flier named Marcus L. McHeater who, captured by the Japanese after Hiroshima, told them that Tokyo was next on the list. He described the bomb in horrible detail, scaring everybody, and he is presumably largely responsible for the Japanese surrender.

Neither the authors nor the Pentagon can find McHeater. Let him come forward to receive his complimentary copy of "No High Ground."

IF YOU HAVE any interest in archeology, then "The Mute Stones Speak" (St. Martin's) is for you. It is the story of archeological findings in Italy, where new discoveries are made every day, and there are 175 exciting photographs, maps and drawings.

Paul MacKendrick, the author, is professor of classics at the University of Wisconsin and has spent almost all his spare time in Italy studying the subject he likes best. On his last trip through New York he felt constrained to cast himself 2,000 years into the future, imagining himself digging up our current great metropolis rather than the Rome of the time of the Empire.

The archeologist of the year 4,000 will find the steel buildings rusted and collapsed. All that remains is the concrete and the pottery. Bronze monuments, built to immortalize, will have disintegrated and marble ones will have been cut up and used for latrine covers and other vital requirements. The handsome glass buildings of midtown Manhattan will have disappeared. Granite will survive, of course. The Guggenheim Museum will continue to cause controversy as it is uncovered.

Diggers will easily be able to find the streets and Central Park. If they find out that the streets are numbered, says Dr. MacKendrick, it will show them the social rigidity of the twentieth century, but the street signs will have turned to dust long before.

Write your names in granite.

Incidentally, when the author's col-

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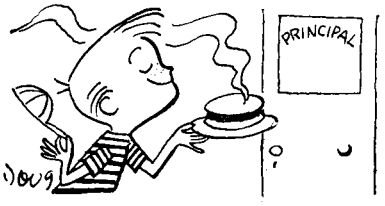
leagues read the manuscript of "The Mute Stones Speak," they couldn't help making suggestions for the title. One suggestion: "Dig That Rome!"

CORRECTION. I reported that a parent in Hampton, Virginia, was giving a principal free hamburgers so that his son would get a break at the school. In other words, *foodola*. So the superintendent of schools of Hampton asked me for proof.

Well, my information had come from a seven-year-old, who has now taken shelter under the Fifth Amendment. It appears that he resented the fact that the other youngster didn't get sent to the principal's office much, and my young spy was merely seeking an explanation. The other kid's father owns a drive-in eatery and the principal stops there, get it?

All right. This is to clear everybody's reputation in Hampton, Virginia. But, I want it to be known that I get most of the news for this column from seven-year-olds and if you think I shall cease the practice just because of one lemon, you are mistaken. Let's look at it this way: if any kids in Hampton were planning, what with apples out of season, to give their teachers hamburgers, then they have changed their minds. Now everyone is equal again, and no more hamburger-polishing.



WHY HE IS RECEIVING news releases from the American Cemetery Association, I don't know, but John Wakeman, editor of the *Wilson Library Bulletin,* sends me the latest one.

Datelined Columbus, Ohio, it reveals some startling facts. There is a new look in graves. Everybody's buying them. It seems that "modern selling and business methods" have been applied to the sale of cemetery lots, and there is a new concept called "advance-of-need purchase." As a result, "teams of courteous salesmen are at your door offering memorial estates. A few even use radio, television, and billboards.

"Spot checks show that more than half of all cemetery lots are purchased for the living instead of the dead."

THIS IS ANOTHER one of those long weekends to which a national safety organization always points with mingled pride, horror, and anticipation, predicting exactly how many will be killed on the highways. It has ever been a mystery to me just what we are supposed to do about it. If we all stayed home and watched television, then some other group would howl about *that.*

Now, thanks to some long division by Albert J. Rosenthal, we can put holiday highway slaughter in the right perspective. Last Memorial Day weekend there were 367 traffic deaths during three and one-quarter days, or 113 deaths for twenty-four hours. But the traffic deaths for a whole year (1958) average 106 a day, and that includes winter months, weekdays, and other lightly traveled times as well as the usual crowded summers and three-day weekends.

The man's conclusion is that the death rate does not go up substantially on holiday weekends, and in proportion to the number of people on the highways it apparently goes down!

SPEAKING OF nutty signs, I guess Ira Levin wins this month's free subscription. He says there is a fine illuminated sign in the Hayden Planetarium at the top of the stairs leading down from the second floor: TO SOLAR SYSTEM AND REST ROOMS.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: I liked the title of Al Morgan's *Playboy* expose of the Hollywood funeral business: "The Bier Barons."

►Congratulations to Atheneum Publishers on their first book, out June 27: "The Inspector," by Jan de Hartog. Many happy returns!

►Caskie Stinnett knows an actor who hasn't been working lately and who received one of those collection letters which began, "We are surprised that we have not received anything from you. . . ." He mailed the bill back to them, having written across the face of it: "There's no reason to be surprised. I didn't send anything."

►Mack McGinnis tells us that a four-year-old and a five-year-old were raising the devil on a rainy day. The cooped-up kids got rowdier and rowdier until he told them to go out on the front porch and that he didn't want to hear another peep out of them. There was silence for fifteen minutes, when there was a tremendous clap of thunder. The kids came running in, crying, "Honest, that wasn't us!"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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Saturday Review
JULY 2, 1960

—Bettmann Archive.
Prometheus and Mercury

PROMETHEUS IN TENNESSEE

By J. H. RUSH, *a physicist who worked on the Oak Ridge atomic bomb project from 1944 to 1946, and later helped organize the Federation of American Scientists.*

ABOUT the time Marie and Pierre Curie were discovering radium, an old farmer named John Hendrix in the hill country of east Tennessee was on his way to becoming a legend. Old John took to seeing visions in his later years, and spent much of his time doggedly repeating his prophecies to his scoffing neighbors. He foretold the coming of the L & N Railroad to Knoxville, and even predicted where it would run and where every station would be; those things came to pass not long after he died.

But that was not all. He said a city would rise on the Black Oak Ridge, and Bear Creek Valley would be filled with factories that would help win the greatest war that ever was or ever will be.

Sometimes men prophesy unknowingly. A few years after John died, a quiet little man across the ocean published a brief paper in a German physics journal. It was a cryptic theoretical discussion, so esoteric that only a few impractical thinkers were interested in its bizarre notions of time slowing down and objects shortening at very high speeds, and the curious idea that mass and energy are equivalent. A given mass of matter, according to this man's theory, is equivalent to an amount of energy proportional to the square of the speed of light—a disconcertingly large number.

A little later, during World War I, the British Government attempted to persuade one of its most capable physicists, Ernest Rutherford, to leave off his "pure research" and lend a hand in the defense of his country. Rutherford retorted with a seriousness too great for arrogance that the work he was doing was more important than the war. He was trying to transmute atoms.

Late in 1943 I did some minor prophesying myself. I was teaching a class in elementary astronomy at Denison University in Ohio, and trying as every teacher must to pull the remote bright firmament of theory down within reach of the good earth my students trod. Among other things, I wanted to give them a firm intimation, however simplified, of the practical portents of relativity theory. Turning from the expanding universe to their more familiar locale, I recalled to them the recent discovery of the fission of uranium and warned that every major nation, ours included, undoubtedly must be straining to turn uranium's fearful power into a weapon.

"Even before this war is ended," I said, "you may see the formula $E = mc^2$ demonstrated in a practical and terrible fashion."

I did not really expect them to remember. What teacher would? But at least one did remember, as we shall see.

My own entry into the city on the Black Oak Ridge was impressive. To me, at any rate. Initiation into the mysteries took a day and a half, and culminated in an interview with the plant security chief of Clinton Laboratories.

Larry Riordan was a square-shouldered, amiable Irishman with the reddest face and blackest frown I had ever seen. When his secretary delivered me to him, he arose and led me down the corridor to a vacant room. He steered me inside and closed the door. Then he closed the windows, waved me into a chair, and hitched himself close opposite me. I waited respectfully.

Assuming his blackest scowl and a hoarse whisper, darting furtive looks over his shoulder, he began: "Now, Mr. Rush, as you have seen, we have to be very careful. You will understand when I tell you something of the work we are doing here."

The voice dropped another octave. "Mr. Rush, you are coming into the number one research project of this war!"

I sensed that something was expected of me—a significant tightening of the jaw, a smothered exclamation—and I did not want to disappoint him. Besides, the mood was catching. So in the same hoarse whisper I said, "You mean uranium fission!"

That ruined Riordan's day, and he sent me on to the Physics Division. My section chief, Henry Newson, took me on a tour of the laboratories. On the way into the plant, I had noticed a huge, ugly building covered with black sheet iron, and thought, "Haw! Quite a cyclotron they must have here!" Now we entered this dark sorcerer's cave, and I felt only blank anticlimax. The interior was dim and quiet, and seemed to contain more space than anything else. There was no cyclotron. Slowly I became aware that the only impressive structure in the place was a great enigmatic cube of concrete towering toward the high roof, with insignificant-looking

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platforms attached to its sides. Newson waved casually toward it: "This is the pile."

I agreed. *Quite* a pile, really. So what? Gradually, as he explained, the idea seeped into my reluctant mind that here actually was a generator of atomic power, that inside this unbelievably quiet monolith the incredible chain reaction of exploding uranium atoms was raging in silent fury. I was impressed. This thing really was generating power—maybe a whole kilowatt. I asked Henry. "Oh," he said, "about a thousand kilowatts."

The Ohio climate had been unkind to my Texas blood, and I had enjoyed the prospect of coming south again. So I was immediately assigned to a research group that was occupied with the inspiring task of making sure that a certain type of reactor could *not* be made to work, and spent the rest of the war in a concrete vault where the temperature was held at about fifty-five degrees for the sake of the temperamental Geiger counters.

THE people in Clinton Laboratories who impressed me most were not the scientists, who knew approximately what they were doing, but the laborers, who didn't. Our experiments often required setting up cumbersome apparatus in situations that involved exposure to atomic radiation. The maintenance men who helped us on such jobs might be required to wear dust masks or to come out of a hazardous area after thirty minutes or an hour, while technicians nosed about with radiation counters. To these laborers—many of them poorly educated men from the local farm country—the intimations of mysterious, invisible danger must have been impressive. Yet I never saw one of them refuse a task, or show any uneasiness in exposing himself to the unknown hazard. The most extended comment I ever heard was, "Gremlins!"

Life in the city on the Black Oak Ridge presented a continual study in contrasts. Pleasant, roomy houses on the ridge for key scientists and officials, and the walled compound of huts in which the Negro women lived; futuristic atomic energy laboratories adjacent to crude farm houses, now abandoned; soldiers and civilians; dedicated men preparing ultimate destruction while their dedicated wives produced a bumper baby crop—all of these anomalies were physical and obvious. More interesting was the undertone of cultural conflict that pervaded this half-military, half-civilian city. That conflict was not unique, to be sure; people characteristically set some of their number in authority over themselves, and then contend with the authorities. But in the atomic cities the conflict was especially pointed, because it was symbolized by the ultimate in authority, the military administration, and the scientists who represented something near the ultimate in individualism.

Yet we were in a war, and scientists, like others, accepted the irksome necessities that the work involved. The subtle conflict showed itself more clearly in little things. The people who manned the big production plants, mostly non-scientists, rode the regular town buses to the terminal. There they transferred to work buses that ran to the plants. Clinton Laboratories, however, had a comparatively small staff, and the management had routed its work buses through the town to pick up its people near their homes. When the people in the other plants realized what was happening, they protested to the administration, and the special service for the workers in Clinton Laboratories was stopped.

But the Clinton employees, who included so many influential people, then squawked so loud that their service was restored on a compromise basis. Work buses to all the plants would tour the principal streets, but would stop only at certain designated corners several blocks apart. On the morning that this system went into effect, Clinton employees, without any prior consultation or conspiracy, accumulated in tiny clumps at nearly every intersection just as they had formerly done. Grinning bus drivers picked them up wherever they found them, and that was the last we heard of curtailed service.

I have often tried to imagine what Oak Ridge meant to the housewives who went there with their men, but I do not think I know. Like many another scientist, I disregarded security regulations to the extent of telling my wife what the project was about. I would not have been willing to go to such an out-of-the-way place for the duration if I had not known what I would be working on, and I saw no reason to expect that she should, either. But the project itself could have had little meaning for a woman who was busy caring for babies and contending with mud and dust, rationing, and other wartime aggravations, and who never even saw an atomic plant.

THE downtown shopping area centered around a nearly vacant block that served as a local bus terminal, and great numbers of people in the car-scarce town gathered there to wait for transportation home. One Saturday afternoon the terminal was especially crowded. Hundreds of women—women with bags of groceries, women with babies, women in their nice dresses, women with fresh permanents or wave sets, tired women with complaining children—stood waiting for their buses. The sun was hot, and the familiar mud had given way to stifling dust.

Then a sweeping machine, preparing the streets for spraying with asphalt, churned its way down the main street. It was not the kind of sweeper that deposits the dirt tidily in a storage box. No; it had been designed by a man of

(*Continued on page* 50)

"You mean the International Geophysical Year is over?"

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The *Saturday Review*-Anisfield-Wolf Awards

Best 1959 Race-Relations Books, by Basil Davidson and John Haynes Holmes

By ROBERT ROOT, *author of "Progress Against Prejudice."*

AT FIRST glance the two books named for this year's Anisfield-Wolf Awards seem hardly related. One is about the little-known early civilizations of Africa; the other is the story of a modern American minister. In fact, however, the two develop a common theme about the American Negro: One describes the dignity of his African life before recorded history, and the other tells about a Yankee who fought brilliantly to help him regain dignity in this country.

In **"The Lost Cities of Africa"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.50), Basil Davidson has first of all to clear away the tacit assumptions of Negro racial inferiority which even some scientists bring to their study of Africa. Thus, early advances are sometimes attributed to Hamitic—that is, "Caucasian" or "white"—peoples in Africa. Davidson considers such ideas nonsense. "The problems of backwardness and progress —even when and where these really exist, and are more than the illusion of Europocentric frames of thought—cannot be explained along these simple lines," he says. ". . . Environment, not race, provides the key."

The book combines the insights of archeology, anthropology, and ancient history in summarizing recent discoveries. With facts from area after area, period after period, the author builds up a picture of iron-age civilization in Africa. Early Africans tilled, irrigated, mined. They borrowed from the North and they invented; they built up, he says, the attitudes which lie below today's "Negro-ness" and (one may add) behind modern African nationalism. The central theme of his book is that the African metal age of the last fifteen or twenty centuries "produced its own cultures and civilizations, uniquely African."

But did these civilizations compare with Middle Eastern and European? Why did the Africans not invent or adopt the wheel? Davidson contends that such questions betray a remarkably narrow concept of history. "The peoples of medieval Northern Europe did not invent the wheel either, and they used it very little until the twelfth and thirteenth centuries." The first coaches came to Scotland, for example, in the sixteenth century. "One needs to keep a sense of historical perspective in these matters," he argues. We have a romantic way of viewing backward Europeans as quaint; but people in "darkest" Africa in the same stage are dismissed as inferior or "primitive."

So the real importance of this book is that it forces the reader to rethink his biased perspective on the Negro and his culture. Belief in Negro inferiority springs, not only from the degradation into which whites plunged African slaves, but from the disorganization which Europeans brought to their native society. All through the 1500s, for example, 9,000 slaves a year were drained from the thinly populated Angola coast alone. The white man's uneasy burden of the last century was really, therefore, not so much to help a remote "simple" people as to make up for earlier wrongs to Africans in little-understood cultures.

It was this burden of justice for Negroes, along with other causes, which John Haynes Holmes took up in this century and which he describes in **"I Speak for Myself"** (Harper, $4.50).

"My life has been a peculiarly full one," writes the long-time minister of the Community Church (Unitarian) in New York. In spite of his social radicalism, it has been a happy and balanced life. The thesis that reformers must be working out their neuroses gets no support in this autobiography. Dr. Holmes was working *out* his religious convictions.

IF one hardly expects worldly "confessions" here, the author describes a peculiarly innocent teen period. He married so happily that in the Twenties he could write for F.P.A.'s column some sardonic lines on D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson: ". . . . I am resigned to decency./ I actually think I have found love and life./ What's the matter with me?"

Yet this was not a Pollyanna existence. Far from being in the famous Holmes line, John was the son of a businessman who went bankrupt. The father's ineptness with money brought a crescendo of harping from John's mother, daughter of the well-to-do Haynes family of Boston. Such "insecurity" might have been expected to result in a mixed-up misfit. In fact, the combination produced the strengths of Dr. Holmes.

The father, a frustrated intellectual who "should have been a minister," loved books; he bequeathed the boy an interest in Whittier, Hardy, Henry George, and Paine, and took him around to liberal churches. To his mother and Grandfather Haynes, "a great pair," the author relates his interest in science, in evolution, and especially in the great liberal minister Theodore Parker and "his militant interpretation of Christianity which challenged the conscience of Christendom." What stirred the young man was the way Parker had lived his faith—"especially his unsparing fight against chattel slavery, the evils of poverty, and the curse of war."

THESE became Holmes's crusades too. A conscientious objector in 1914-18, he helped found the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation. He was linked too with the American Union Against Militarism, which evolved into the American Civil Liberties Union in 1920. He was one of those in a "dingy little office" who founded the NAACP. If the connections merely hint his militancy, an anecdote underscores it. With relish Dr. Holmes tells how—long before the lunch-counter sitdowns—a Negro was asked to get off an elevator in a hotel where he was staying in Washington; but the minister told the operator he was remaining on the elevator himself until the Negro got his ride—and Dr. Holmes won. Since he had met and written about Gandhi, this successful recourse to nonviolent action was hardly surprising.

Through it all, Dr. Holmes has been a great reader. His tastes are eclectic. He bought biographies and histories and hundreds of volumes of poetry, and he indulged an unaccountable love for Scott's novels. Thousands of books crowded his shelves, his closets, and finally the floor and table-tops. When he had to move to a Manhattan apartment, he grimly weeded out hundreds of volumes, painfully deciding which must go. But, he notes wistfully, books have still flowed in as the years pass; and other book-lovers will share his growing anguish: "The shelves are again getting crowded, and I face the same dilemma as before!"

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The Donor: Edith Anisfield Wolf

EDITH ANISFIELD WOLF has lived for many years in a turn-of-the-century, red-brick mansion in a no longer fashionable section of Cleveland. Her visitors are intercepted at the door by an outsize charcoal-gray Angora cat named Smoky, who measures the stranger with an insolent look, then suffers himself to be stroked while he purrs like an outboard motor.

Weekday mornings Mrs. Wolf's chauffeur and general aide drives her to a small office in downtown Cleveland. The office is high in a building set up by her father, John Anisfield, who migrated to America from Austria in 1874 (when he was fourteen), and who later became a wealthy manufacturer as well as a trail-blazing philanthropist.

Father and daughter were devoted to each other, and the devotion deepened when Edith began to help her father with his philanthropic interests: a camp for poor girls, a rehabilitation center for the physically handicapped, a hospital (Mount Sinai) open to all, and a dizzying variety of other charitable undertakings. When Edith Anisfield married Eugene Wolf in 1918, her eleemosynary bent was confirmed rather than weakened, since her husband—an affluent Cleveland lawyer—was notably public-spirited. Father, daughter, and son-in-law worked together closely for many years. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wolf wrote several volumes of poetry, among them "Snacks" and "Balance," and served as a board member of the Cleveland Public Library.

John Anisfield died in 1929, and in 1934 Mrs. Wolf and *SR* initiated the annual awards named after him. The $2,000 prize is given to the book or divided between the books that deal most creditably with social and group relations. Mr. Wolf's name was added to the award following his death in 1944.

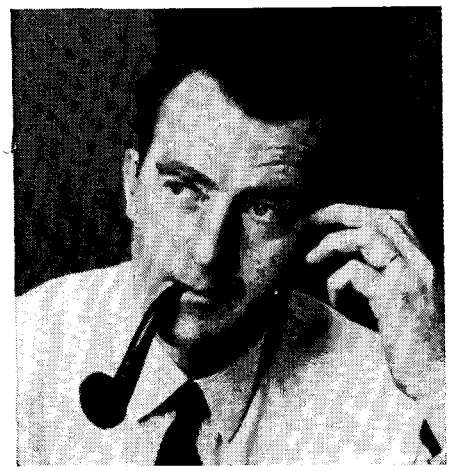
The Winners Comment:

THESE years, more than most, are testing and decisive for race relations. The grim, old mental log-jam is loosened at last. The fractured limbs of human unity are being reset. The "races" begin to shift into new relationships.

Personally, I am impressed with the present importance of re-evaluating African arts and ideas about life. This is because it seems to me that a mutual acceptance of inherent human equality will depend on a pretty thorough junking of most white ideas about black civilization, and of most black ideas about white civilization. Both sides have got the other wrong. The key to getting it right is that African cultures must be approached with the same respect, care, and critical appreciation as any other cultures.

The object I had in mind with this book was to explore how far the facts and probabilities of African ethno-history would support and promote this idea. Other writers will undoubtedly pursue the same end—the difficult, often baffling, but always exciting search for a synthesis of structure, for a valid concept of African unity in spite of the extravagance of African variety, for a sense of unity conceived in depth of years as well as in breadth of ideas. There is no other way of understanding Africa—or of understanding ourselves.

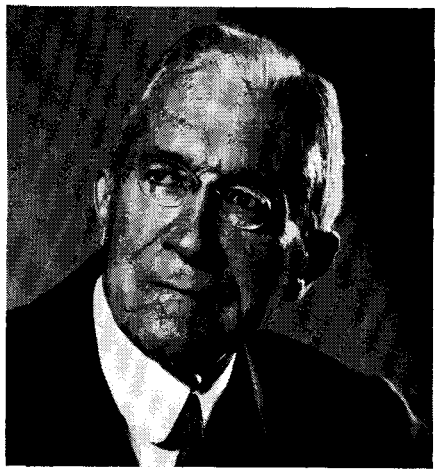
—BASIL DAVIDSON.



Basil Davidson

OUR AWARDS have been reserved up to the present time almost exclusively for individuals and the recognition of the individual exploits, or, rather, for high services to human good. But why should an award not be granted not only to single individuals, but to groups of individuals? I can think at the present moment of only one exception to this rule—an award of a Nobel Prize for Peace to the American Friends Service Committee. A turn in this direction may be seen perhaps in the granting of awards to groups of individuals in the name, or for the sake of, some noble sacrificial cause nobly served. I think of the Spingarn Medal bestowed each year upon a man or woman who has devoted his life to the cause of the Negro and his struggle for full emancipation. What has this not done to maintain the morale of heroic servants of Negro equality, both black and white? I remember the shout of gladness which went up some years ago when a brave newspaper editor in Little Rock received a Pulitzer Prize for the service he had rendered to the sore beset Negroes in the present crisis of their history. Think of what it would mean if foundations and awards joined hands in a single year in a great and common work of bestowing their prizes in token of their allegiance to men everywhere hard pressed for justice and liberty. To recognize, to reward, to acclaim, to praise and sanctify, constitutes a social influence, a mighty power, as yet unused, in the service of mankind.

—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.



John Haynes Holmes

THE JUDGES for this year's Anisfield-Wolf Awards were the anthropologist Ashley Montagu, who wrote "Man's Most Dangerous Myth: The Fallacy of Race," chairman; novelist Pearl Buck, winner of Nobel and Pulitzer prizes; Lillian Smith, author of "Strange Fruit," and Oscar Handlin, also a Pulitzer Prize-winner, whose latest book is "The Newcomers: Negroes and Puerto Ricans in a Changing Metropolis."

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They Needn't Say No

By Granville Hicks

IN THE COURSE of the literary conference that *Esquire* magazine held in New York City last autumn, Leslie Fiedler announced, "When the writer says yes, he is already beginning to lie." At another *Esquire* conference, held at the State University of Iowa in December, Norman Mailer repeated Fiedler's remark. In his speech at the National Book Awards this spring Philip Roth commented on the remark and its repetition: "Twice spoken on this planet, and I still don't understand it." Then Fiedler, writing about the awards in the *New Leader*, sought to put Roth in his place by revealing that he had merely been paraphrasing a remark by Herman Melville.

Melville's statement, which appears in a letter he wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne after reading "The House of the Seven Gables" is worth looking at:

> There is a grand truth about Nathaniel Hawthorne. He says NO! in thunder; but the Devil himself cannot make him say *yes*. For all men who say *yes*, lie; and all men who say *no*, why, they are in the happy condition of judicious, unencumbered travelers in Europe; they cross the frontiers into Eternity with nothing but a carpetbag—that is to say, the Ego. Whereas those *yes*-gentry they travel with heaps of baggage, and, damn them; they will never get through the Custom House.

Melville said it all right, but what he meant isn't perfectly clear. Hawthorne did say no, of course, to many things—to pride of intellect to fanaticism, to greed. But he also said yes—to courage and loyalty and especially warm human sympathy. Melville himself, commenting on "Ethan Brand," noted that if Hawthorne said no to the head, he said yes to the heart. And he registered his approval: "I stand for the heart. To the dogs with the head! I had rather be a fool with a heart, than Jupiter Olympus with his head."

Even in "Moby Dick," that "wicked book" as Melville called it, a thunderous no is not the only note that is sounded. In the chapter on the monkey-rope, for instance, Melville says yes to human brotherhood, and in the chapter on squeezing the sperm he speaks of "an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling." Ishmael's yes is no less important in the book than Ahab's no.

The truth is, as Roth pointed out, that all writers say both yes and no. Fiedler himself, in "Love and Death in the American Novel," says yes to what he regards as ideal sexual experience, and the book would be nonsense if there were not this affirmation to give meaning to all its negations. D. H. Lawrence, to whom Fiedler owes a large debt, says yes as loudly and as often as he says no. Even Samuel Beckett, who is as thorough-going a nay-sayer as I can think of, pays tribute to the indomitableness of the human spirit.

All Fiedler can mean, all Melville can have meant, is that it is important to know when to say no and to have the courage to say it. Fiedler can argue that this writer or that says yes too easily and says it to the wrong things; he can argue that most contemporary writers need to cultivate a capacity to say no; but he cannot with any semblance of consistency maintain that no is always right and yes always a lie.

Why does Fiedler cling to a dogma that is so obviously untenable? Is it not because he enjoys saying no? I can almost believe that the thesis he expounds in "Love and Death in the American Novel" attracted him in the first place because it permitted him to condemn American fiction *en masse*: there is no writer who measures up to the standard he applies. He is not stupid and he is not utterly inflexible, and the book, as I said in my review (*SR*, March 19), is full of brilliant and useful perceptions, but even at his most appreciative Fiedler has his reservations—and he loves them.

He is sometimes quite frank in revealing the temperamental basis of his negativism. For instance, in his *New Leader* piece on the National Book Awards he confesses that he was not altogether pleased to discover that the awards were being given to authors he could respect: "I found myself hesitating between a shudder of triumphant pleasure and a heaving from the stomach at the thought that my own dearest values had become those of a self-congratulatory 'New Establishment.'" He goes on:

> Yet, as I sat waiting for the speeches of acceptance to begin and watched the faces and badges of the out-of-town reviewers — who settled creakily into chairs about me, longing for the cocktail party to follow where it would be possible to blend into the camaraderie of a quick, public drunk—I knew that in a certain sense things were really still all right, that the ceremonies were as much a revenge as a tribute: the public's, the reviewers', the publishers' final revenge on the author.

Then he was happy.

It was natural that Mailer should repeat Fiedler's statement about the lying yes, for in their negativism they are two of a kind. In proclaiming himself a Hipster in "Advertisements for Myself," Mailer makes it clear that the appeal of Hipsterism for him lies in its undiscriminating rejection of all the values of contemporary society. Like Fiedler, he has a compulsion to shock people; he too thrives on disagreement. Both men are afraid of approval. (Fiedler's cattiness in the *New Leader* about Malcolm Cowley's review of his book may have been at least in part a result of embarrassment at finding himself on the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*.) Both men work hard to convince themselves as well as others that they are simon-pure rebels. Their rebellion is acutely self-conscious, and they worry about it all the time, resorting to larger and larger doses of outrageousness.

I wonder about their influence on other writers. At the Iowa conference, according to Rust Hill's account in *Esquire*, Mark Harris, one of the four speakers, underwent a kind of conversion after he had listened to Mailer: "He denounced his role in the symposium up to this point, castigated himself for academic circumspection, espoused passion and vitriol in the role of the writer." All of Harris's novels, including his baseball stories, have been studies of dissent, and I have admired the way he has taken a position without assuming a pose. What a pity it would be—and how much less effective he would become—if he were to model himself on Mailer and Fiedler.

Rebellion in the Twenties and Thirties, intemperate as it often was, was spontaneous. Rebels were not free from self-consciousness, but they were more interested in what they were against and what they were for than in how they looked. The noisy negativism of Fiedler and Mailer is, I am sure, a significant comment on the intellectual atmosphere of the Fifties and Sixties, and it sometimes serves a purpose, but I am glad that other writers, including some of the most intransigent, have responded in different ways to the problems of contemporary life.

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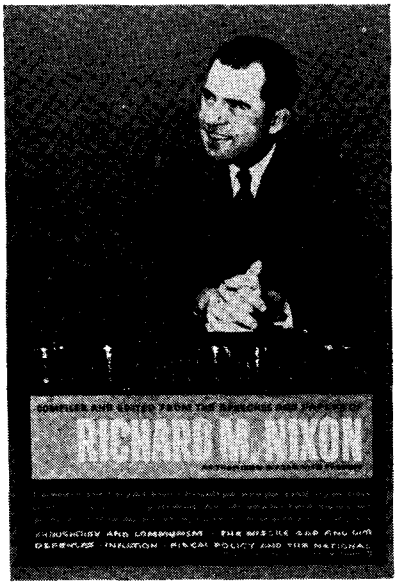
Book in the News



By VICTOR LASKY, *a writer for NANA and various magazines, who has observed the rise of Richard Nixon at firsthand since 1948.*

ASSUMING he is not caught *flagrante delicto* between now and July 25, when the Republican convention opens in Chicago, Richard M. Nixon appears destined to be the Grand Old Party's nominee for President this year. This, despite the recent challenge hurled at the Vice President by Nelson Rockefeller. The Governor accused Nixon of fence-straddling and called on him to "tell the people where he stands" on assorted public questions.

Now Mr. Nixon has unintentionally obliged. He has produced a sharp, timely, and substantial reply in "**The Challenges We Face**" (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), a well-edited, solidly documented compilation of his public utterances over the past four years on such varied subjects as Red China, civil rights, education, Latin America, labor, economic growth, national defense, Africa, refugees, foreign aid, Khrushchev, taxes, the budget, and the forthcoming campaign.

In short, Mr. Nixon has commented on virtually every subject of vital interest to Americans. Though it does not possess the literary flavor of the political writings of Adlai Stevenson, his book does present clearly and in depth the views of a Presidential aspirant who, in a remarkable political rise, has yet to lose an election.

These, therefore, are the views of the man to whom the American people may well entrust the leadership of the free world for years to come. They should be of particular interest to American liberals, many of whom—for reasons this reviewer finds difficult to comprehend—view with dread the possibility of Mr. Nixon's occupying the White House.

What will undoubtedly surprise some people is the reasonable manner in which the Vice President states his case. There is none of the earthy partisanship of, say, a Harry Truman in this book. And one rather suspects that this will not be to the liking of the Nixon-phobes, who would rather deal with the mythical Nixon they have created—a man of no honor, no principles, no convictions.

This reviewer has known the Vice President for twelve years. He has followed Mr. Nixon's career on an almost day-to-day basis. And he can state flatly that most of the propaganda attacks unloosed against the Vice President bear little, if any, relation to reality.

Mr. Nixon pulls no punches in his book. He says what he thinks. For example, he is opposed to recognition of Red China. And he spells out the reasons. But he does not follow the example of other Presidential hopefuls who also claim to oppose recognition yet at the same time, call for a reappraisal of that policy.

Not that Mr. Nixon is forever committed to nonrecognition. But he believes the initiative should come from Peiping. Only when that regime adequately demonstrates its willingness to live in peace with its neighbors should we begin a reappraisal of a China policy which, incidentally, has the overwhelming support of members of both parties in the U.S. Congress.

Mr. Nixon is convinced that Red China may well be an election issue this year. But, he adds, "the overwhelming issue at the present time is the security and survival of the United States of America." And he believes that in choosing their President in November the American people "will put as their first qualification whether or not the candidate is able to cope with this issue of survival in all of its aspects." This involves such related issues as foreign policy, national defense, and methods to meet the ceaseless Soviet challenge—on all fronts—to free institutions everywhere.

But, unlike most of his calamity-howling rivals, Mr. Nixon believes that the U.S. is in pretty good shape. And that the Soviet leaders whom he's met in recent years are well aware of our overwhelming superiority in most areas.

The Vice President is far from complacent, however.

> It is not enough for us to be on the right side [he observes]. History is full of instances in which superior civilizations were overwhelmed by others with more will to win, more drive, more energy. Around the world, in every nation, the representatives of Communism are true believers like Mr. Khrushchev—working overtime for the victory of Communism. . . . The fact that we have no desire to conquer the world does not mean that our alternative to Communism is simply to leave the world as it is—ignoring the misery, disease and inequity on which Communism thrives. We, too, have a purpose and a mission in the world today—and that is what we must make clear as we meet the Communist challenge.

And, drawing on his years of intensive world travel, Mr. Nixon spells out the need for better-administered foreign aid, increased private investments overseas, more liberal trade policies, and an upgrading of our official overseas representatives.

Like Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Nixon also emphasizes the necessity of continuing advances in all sectors of American life. But, unlike the Governor, he places greater emphasis on the so-called private sector—not the government sector—in stepping up our national growth rate to compete with the Soviets. He deplores hysterical reactions to occasional manifestations of Soviet progress. "It would be a mistake in reacting to the Soviet challenge to swing to such an extreme that we might lose our present advantages," he says.

For example, in discussing the need for increased scientific education, the Vice President warns: "We do not want to ape the Russians and eventually become simply a pale carbon copy of the scientific materialists who run the Soviet Union."

Mr. Nixon is far from being the extreme conservative some liberal critics believe him to be. In many areas, his views probably will not satisfy some right-wing Republicans. Generally speaking, the Vice President appears to prefer the middle of the road to the ditches at either side.

What kind of a Presidential campaign does Mr. Nixon envisage? He believes it "should be a hard-hitting contest on the great issues before the American people. . . . As to whether this . . . will be a mudslinging campaign, I can only say that it certainly will not be so far as I am concerned."

This book is an indication of the high-level approach that Mr. Nixon intends to take during the campaign. If his Democratic opponent—whoever he may be—follows suit, then the American people will at long last be able to decide on issues, not personalities.

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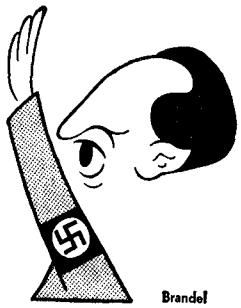

Knights of the Crooked Cross

The impending trial of Adolf Eichmann for engineering the extermination of six million Jews during the Third Reich makes unusually timely three current books: the biography of Hitler's propaganda minister, ***"Dr. Goebbels: His Life and Death," by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel*** *(Simon & Schuster. 306 pp. $4.50);* ***"Night of the Mist," by Eugene Heimler*** *(Vanguard. 192 pp. $3.75), which, in a translation by André Ungar, recalls the author's captivity in Buchenwald and Auschwitz, and* ***"The Fear Makers," by Wilfred Schilling,*** *translated by Oliver Coburn (Doubleday. 312 pp. $3.95), which reports, in fiction, on the resurgence of Nazism in modern Germany. Critics for the respective titles are Joachim Remak, co-editor of "Documents on German Foreign Policy"; art critic Alfred Werner, who knows the Nazi terror from his experiences in Dachau, and Brian Connell, author of "A Watcher on the Rhine" and collaborator in the writing of Ernst Hanfstaengl's "Unheard Witness" and "Von Papen: Memoirs."*

1. The Mouthpiece

By Joachim Remak

AMONG the most consistently rejected manuscripts of the year 1921 was a first novel entitled "Michael," written by an excessively bitter young man whom an attack of infantile paralysis had left crippled, and who had therefore seen no service during the recent war. The opening passage, which by itself vindicates the judgment of the publishers, read:

> No longer is the stallion neighing under my thighs; no longer am I hunched over a gun or tramping through the muddy clay of neglected trenches.
>
> How long it is since I walked the vast Russian plain or the shell-ridden French countryside!
>
> A thing of the past!
>
> Like a phoenix rising from the ashes of war and destruction.
>
> Peace!
>
> Homeland! Germany!

And a dedication, written eight years later, when the book's politics had finally found a publisher for it, showed that neither the author's style nor outlook had changed:

> 1918. Your wounded arm still in a sling, the grey helmet on your head, and your chest covered with medals —that's how you faced those staid citizens to pass matriculation. They failed you because you didn't know some figures or other. They said you weren't mature yet.
>
> OUR ANSWER WAS: REVOLUTION!

Within another four years the author of all these exclamation marks and capital letters, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, was Minister for Popular Enlightenment and Propaganda, and the man who controlled Germany's artistic and literary life. He possessed, Hitler later said in explaining Goebbels's spectacular rise in the Nazi hierarchy, "two attributes without which no one could master conditions in Berlin: intelligence and the gift of oratory." In a sense, Hitler was right. With Hitler, Goebbels shared the conviction that it was through the emotions and not through reason that people were swayed, and that if you wished to make a revolution, it was the spoken, not the written, word which mattered. His flair for drama and for pageantry was impressive. From a speakers' platform, and against a background of uniforms and torchlights and Nazi eagles the words which had appalled the literary critics sounded impressive and even brilliant.

This is a part of Goebbels's triumph which still is familiar enough. But as one reads **"Dr. Goebbels: His Life and Death,"** by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel, what strikes one with equal force are the limits of his talents and cleverness, limits which become apparent despite the authors' obvious respect for his abilities. For one thing, his hatred of the bourgeois world and of all established values at times reached the paranoiac. In the end he was to welcome the bombs that were falling on Germany, since they were exploding "the prison walls" of the past and of "bourgeois restraint."

His anti-intellectualism, with its strange echoes of Russian populism (or in anticipation of North Beach?) was a consistent theme. "The intellect has poisoned our people," he wrote in "Michael." "How much elementary strength in that fellow when compared with sickly intellectuals" were his comments after he had read a biography of Rasputin. But this was an attitude which, its ugliness quite aside, was to lead him into obvious blunders such as the book burning of 1933, the blanket ban on all criticism of literature and the arts in 1936, and the display of Picasso and Kokoschka and Paul Klee in "degenerate art" exhibits.

SIMILARLY, his racial fanaticism and his violent anti-Semitism were, to use Talleyrand's phrase, more than a crime —they were blunders. They are among the reasons why his foreign propaganda effort during the war was to remain all but ineffectual. Obsessed with the idea of Teutonic superiority, Goebbels was as ignorant as the Fuehrer about the world beyond Germany's frontiers. When Italy decided to leave the war, this was the diary entry with which he expressed his disappointment with Mussolini: "In the last analysis, he is nothing but an Italian, and you can't get away from that heritage." Nor is it essential to visualize Dr. Goebbels's non-Nordic features to appreciate the full beauty of this statement.

The present biography has some defects which make it a less than definitive life of Goebbels. The narrative is choppier than one would expect from authors who both have screen plays to their credit. Too many significant incidents go entirely unrecorded, and there is no real analysis of Dr.

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Goebbels's propaganda technique: it is not enough to be told that Goebbels had a beautiful voice or that he could simulate emotions he did not feel. Most serious of all, as far as the work's reliability is concerned, is the uncritical use of sources; books which vary considerably in their degree of accuracy are all cited as equal authorities. But the authors have gone to considerable trouble in examining unpublished manuscripts, and in interviewing people who still remembered Goebbels, and they have uncovered some new details, particularly concerning his youth, and the one among his many extra-marital affairs which differed from the rest in that it almost led to his divorce and political disgrace.

Certainly, some of the larger questions the authors do not answer might well defeat even the most erudite and persistent of scholars: how, when all is said and done, Dr. Goebbels's party could have taken over command of a civilized country; how quite so many people could have remained fooled for quite so long, and how the author of "Michael" could have been able to drive the author of "Buddenbrooks" into exile.

2. *The Victims*

By Alfred Werner

EUGENE HEIMLER'S tragedy-filled memoirs derive their title, **"Night of the Mist,"** from a decree issued by the Nazis on the very day of Pearl Harbor: non-German civilians in occupied countries should be shipped secretly, by *"Nacht und Nebel,"* that is, in the night mist, to concentration camps in Germany. Thus, thousands could be removed quickly without any publicity.

The author was twenty-one and already an established poet when, in the summer of 1944, he and his bride (fated to perish soon) were, along with other Jews, transported in cattle cars from their home—an unnamed Hungarian city 150 miles west of Budapest—to the notorious extermination camp of Auschwitz. While there are scores of similar reports by survivors of the Nazi-made holocaust, "Night of the Mist" stands out among them because it is more than a mere recital of almost indescribable atrocities. During his ten months' captivity in a half dozen camps, the sensitive and open-minded Heimler seems to have learned more about the dark side of human nature than he could have gathered from an exhaustive study of Dostoievsky.

There is the improbable but undoubtedly true story of his affair, in the hell of Auschwitz, with a sex-starved Gypsy girl, who makes him teach her to dance and forces him to surrender to her (she was to disappear soon, when orders were issued that all imprisoned Gypsies be killed). There are the frightening revelations of a fellow-prisoner, a lawyer, whose wife, unwilling to continue a platonic relationship necessitated by her husband's impotence, announced she was leaving him for another man; he strangled her, and served twelve years in jail. Another prisoner, a French writer, confessed that in the Buchenwald camp brothel he had fallen in love with a frigid young French prostitute, and vainly tried to commit suicide by slashig his wrists, only to elicit from the girl the contemptuous remark, "Must you mess up my room as well?"

There are the expected stories of maltreatments and killings. But one surmises that even more nefarious than these horrors was the cunning Nazi technique of reducing the prisoners (including many excellent people with first-rate minds) to a demoralized state where they were "only preoccupied with scheming how to grab a bigger chunk of bread, with rejoicing that it was not we who were being burnt that night." Actually, the moral disintegration did not start at the gate of concentration camps, and it was not caused by German Nazis alone. In the writer's native Hungary, Regent Horthy had exercised a Fascism that liquidated all small Jews, but left the rich ones alone. When the German invaders took over and the Jews pleaded with the Church to protect them, the clergy did not respond. For one heroic Anna Kethly, Socialist member of parliament, who raised her voice on behalf of the oppressed, there were hundreds in positions of power who remained indifferent. Even among the Jews of his home town, Heimler sadly admits, there were some who had no compassion for their co-religionists as long as they themselves could keep their own property. However, he has only praise for the dignified behavior, in distress, of the Hasidic Jews, "rich in spirit and poor in earthly possessions. . . ."

One of Heimler's fellow-inmates predicted that the survivors of these camps would have to be divided into two groups: those who, after their terrible experiences, would, once at large, themselves become oppressors, and those who, having learned the value of life and the worth of freedom, would be

(*Continued on page* 33)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PACKAGING PROBLEM

Novelists, and, occasionally, dramatists do things by threes. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, has chosen six groups of these trilogies, but in each instance has omitted the name of the third unit. She asks you to supply the name of the missing member, and to assign it to the correct author. Answers on page 50.

1.	1. "The Octopus" 2. "The Pit" 3. (projected, but never written)	( ) Aeschylus
2.	1. "Book of Kings" 2. "Edward Zoltan" 3. — — — —	( ) Frank Norris
3.	1. "Agamemnon" 2. "The Choephoroi" 3. — — — —	( ) Ramón Sender
4.	1. "Chronicle of Dawn" 2. "Violent Griffin" 3. — — — —	( ) Sigrid Undset
5.	1. "The Bridal Wreath" 2. "The Mistress of Husaby" 3. — — — —	( ) Philip Freund
6.	1. "The Fellowship of the Ring" 2. "The Two Towers" 3. — — — —	( ) J. R. R. Tolkien

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Caribbean Carnival

"Miguel Street," by V. S. Naipaul *(Vanguard. 222 pp. $3.95), pays a visit to some lively inhabitants of Trinidad's Port of Spain. Robert Payne has written many books about his world travels.*

By Robert Payne

THE ENGLISH language is a jackdaw's hoard, with bits and pieces of everything. Nuts and bolts, old cans, coins, strips of silk from Persia, slivers of glass from the Near East, and heavens knows how many jewels from France. Anything that comes along is gratefully accepted by the jackdaw, including the bright purple passages of Conrad, who always wrote English with an impeccably Polish accent. The jackdaw has a special fondness for foreign things.

Soon we may have a spate of novels written by Eskimos and Bantus and Tibetans; and all this is for the best. We may see brilliant improvisations of cross-fertilization. Imagine, for example, a Burmese writing English after living a good deal of his life in France. Better still, imagine a young Hindu scholar living in one of the English possessions of the Caribbean and writing about the people there, his own soft, lilting accent marrying the rich, warm, staccato voices of the Negroes.

This is precisely what has happened in V. S. Naipaul's "Miguel Street," which describes the aberrant lives of the inhabitants of a mean street in Port of Spain, Trinidad. In that sun-drenched horror of a street, people live as best as they can, wild, happy, accommodating. There is Laura, who had eight children by seven fathers, but who was dismayed when her own daughter followed in her footsteps. There is Titus Hoyt, who gave lessons in Latin without knowing any more Latin than a sparrow, and whose attempts to start the Miguel Street Literary and Social Youth Club foundered when he took his pupils on a Boy Scout hike. Bhakcu is the Hindu mechanical genius, who sings the Ramayana, beats his wife with a cricket bat, and is forever tinkering with the insides of the automobiles he buys at a loss. There are perhaps thirty mad geniuses thinking up ways to attract women or make their own lives amusing. They have a flair for conversation, and sometimes even the dullest of them will arrive at the edge of a revelation. Here is Titus Hoyt pondering the problems of the universe:

—*Don McCullin.*

V. S. Naipaul—"the mantle of Chekhov has fallen on [his] shoulders."

> Silence. I just been thinking. Look, boys, it ever strike you that the world not real at all? It ever strike you that we have the only mind in the world and you just thinking up everything else? Like me here, having the only mind in the world, and thinking up you people here, thinking up the war and all the houses and the ships and them in the harbor. That ever cross your mind?

Surprising and wonderful events are always happening in Miguel Street. Perhaps the best thing was Man-man, who took to religion and announced his forthcoming crucifixion. A cross was put at Blue Basin in the mountains northwest of Port of Spain, and Man-man was solemnly bound to it. He urged the assembled multitude to throw stones at him, and was properly offended when some women flung bits of sand and gravel at him gently. "Stone me, brethren!" he shouted. They took him at his word, and he suffered agonies for a moment or two, until he could bear it no longer. Then: "We heard Man-man's shout, clear and loud, 'Cut this stupidness out. Cut it out, I tell you. I finish with this arseness, you hear.' And then he began cursing so loudly and coarsely that the people stopped in surprise."

Mr. Naipaul does not tell stories. By some miraculous sleight-of-hand he takes you to Port of Spain and shows you the rich, bawdy, consequential lives of the Trinidadians, as though there were no intervening veil of words. It is all, as Elias would say, "poultry and litritcher." It is good poultry and litritcher, and I rather suspect the mantle of Chekhov has fallen on Mr. Naipaul's shoulders.

SPIRITED TALE: Whiskey is inextricably interwoven with the history of our nation. Only sex has presented moralistic America with greater dilemmas of conscience, has caused more conflict of good and evil in the American character. In **"Water of Life"** (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), Henry Morton Robinson gives both of these human catalysts a pretty good workout.

The novel spans three generations, from 1860 to the eve of Prohibition. But it deals primarily with the lifetime of Anson Woodhull of Indiana, a noble distiller of noble spirits, who learned the mystery under the tutelage of his father. Anson is harried on the one side by the passionate "Drys," then clawing their way to moral dominance of the country, and on the other by the rectifiers who would adulterate good whiskey with neutral spirits. The conflict with Oliver Treadgood and the other Drys is irreconcilable, ending only with whiskey's temporary defeat by the Great Experiment. But Anson can find at least one lifelong friend among the rectifiers, Charles Moerlein, who gives him his start as a commercial distiller.

Anson marries a daughter of New England in a "Great American Confluence" to produce the "American-yet-to-be." Their offspring are a pornographic photographer, an alcoholic trombone player, a Lesbian Dry, and one noble Harvard graduate and distiller, Chance, who deliberately commits one of the most gruesome murders of recent fiction. As one can see, Mr. Robinson deals only in superlatives of character, whether good or evil. But the combination of whiskey and sex should prove well-nigh irresistible to the reader who seeks primarily a rousing story.

—Borden Deal.

SALZBURG PARABLE: In an impressive first novel, **"Change of Love"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95), Vivienne Koch has created a wry and witty picture of a diversified group of American and European intellectuals brought together for a short time at a State Department-sponsored literary institute. Against the backdrop of an Austrian *schloss* near Salzburg, Miss Koch skilfully involves her idiosyncratic characters in a series of sexual encounters complicated by overtones of international espionage and conspiracy, and adds for

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good measure a great deal of animated conversation on a variety of subjects from Ezra Pound's poetry to the influence of foundation support on contemporary literary and intellectual life.

Miss Koch's protagonist is Siegfried Volk, a forty-year-old critic, poet, and professor-on-leave, thanks to a Fulbright fellowship, from a Southern university. Tormented by feelings of guilt and failure, recently divorced and in the trough of a giddy love affair with a concupiscent Iranian, symbol-conscious Siegfried thinks of himself as an "eternal tourist," irreparably damaged by the times and his spiritual emptiness alike. In spite of—indeed, because of—an arm injury he suffers his first day at the institute, Siegfried soon becomes the center of a mare's nest of sexual, political, and intellectual activity.

The characters of "Change of Love"—attractive, tormented Judith Marx, who acts as catalyst in Siegfried's gradual "change of love and change of life"; Sean Sweeney, the wild Irish poet; voluptuous Magda, Tito's chief English translator and wife of a general in the Yugoslav army; conniving Fritz Shreiber, whose father had disemboweled himself after Anschluss—suggest national and racial attitudes; in effect "Change of Love" is a sophisticated mid-century serio-comic parable. Despite their often manic gaiety, the impassioned talk, the drinking, the love making, and the intrigue, most of the novel's people share Siegfried's temporary belief that his life has been a meaningless charade. Yet Miss Koch's narrative never becomes enmired in pretentious warnings or dire threats of universal destruction. "Change of Love" is intelligent, amusing, and brisk. Serious and disturbing beneath its brittle surface, it is never a bore. —WILLIAM PEDEN.

PLAINS FOLK: Mari Sandoz has never been one to follow patterns. Her novels and tales are of a piece with her nonfiction, all a part of the Sandoz chronicle of the high Plains and its people, particularly those of central and western Nebraska. **"Son of the Gamblin' Man,"** (Clarkson M. Potter, $5), though a novel, is another vivid, vigorous segment of that factual chronicle.

The story tells of the gambler and town-site promoter who founded Cozad, Nebraska, and of his family, particularly his younger son, Robert Henry Cozad. The father, John J. Cozad, reputedly the best faro man in America, bought 40,000 acres of railroad grant land in central Nebraska in the 1870s and dreamed of building there a city that would become the capital of the United States. He promoted it to the hilt, largely with gambling money. His ar-

(*Continued on page* 34)

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

A Latin Liberal's Plan for Peace

Salvador de Madariaga—"believes first of all in human liberty."

"The Blowing Up of the Parthenon," by Salvador de Madariaga *(Praeger. 93 pp. $2.95), analyzes the plight of modern civilization and suggests remedial action. "The Russian Revolution, 1917-1921" and "Russia's Iron Age" are among the books written by William Henry Chamberlin, whose latest title is "The Evolution of a Conservative."*

By William Henry Chamberlin

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA is an authentic liberal, in the proper historical sense of that ambiguous and often abused word. He believes first of all in human liberty, without ifs, buts, and conditions. Because of this belief he lives in permanent exile from his native Spain in the congenial intellectual atmosphere of Oxford, England.

But, like another Latin scholar whom he greatly resembles in temperament and political credo, the late Gaetano Salvemini, de Madariaga plays no favorites. Had the tragic civil war in Spain ended in the establishment of a Soviet satellite regime, a "people's democracy," de Madariaga, one may be sure, would be in Oxford, denouncing this form of tyranny just as vehemently as he now attacks Franco.

De Madariaga, a veteran scholar whose published works include more than twenty titles, histories, political works, essays, and novels, represented Republican Spain as a delegate in the disarmament commission of the League of Nations. His barbed witticisms are among the few fruits of that sterile experience: he proposed on one occasion that the offices of the delegates be made hereditary, and quipped about some nations being "producers" and others "consumers" of security.

His latest little book, characteristically dedicated "to the memory of the Russian soldiers who, in October, 1956, left the Red Army and fought and died for the freedom of Hungary," is an amazingly acute and penetrating analysis of Communist cold war propaganda and a stirring plea for counter-action by the free peoples. It communicates the wisdom of long political experience, the wit of a mellow and mature personality. And, although it deals with very serious subjects, it is eminently readable. Not for de Madariaga, with his Mediterranean gift of lucidity, the ponderous academic gibberish in which many discussions of East-West relations are smothered and buried.

The title of the book is inspired by an incident that occurred in 1687. A Venetian bomb, falling on a Turkish powder magazine, demolished the Parthenon, the noble temple that overlooks Athens. While the creation of the Parthenon was the product of human mind, will, and imagination, its destruction was an unplanned accident. The symbolic application to the plight and danger of modern civilization is obvious.

Many of the observations in this stirring little tract are as true and as topical as if they had been composed under the immediate inspiration of recent events. The author considers the myth of summit meetings one of the silliest in the world. He poses a question that was asked too seldom during the slow and painful climb to the summit, which led only to the spectacle of Khrushchev belching like a volcano:

> The hurry, the strange surroundings, the lack of space, of staff, of leisure, of reflection, the excess of fuss and publicity—are these circumstances to be considered as diplomatic assets? . . . Nevertheless the myth persists stronger than ever, and hope rises eternal in the incurable human breast.

Equally incisive and caustic in dis-

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cussing disarmament, Mr. de Madariaga writes a commentary that finds confirmation every day in the news stories from Geneva. He disposes of quantitative disarmament (an agreement, for instance, to cut in half existing armaments) by noting that any estimate of relative military power is extremely difficult. He puts little faith in "control," rooted in mistrust and almost certainly susceptible to evasion. In this connection it may be noted that the highly technical and scientific character of the more destructive modern weapons makes controlled inspection more difficult. An accurate count of divisions under arms, cannon, battleships is easier to achieve than a sure knowledge of what may be going on in some secret laboratory. De Madariaga gets to the heart of the disarmament dilemma when he writes: "How can we expect agreement on the lesser and instrumental issue [armaments] when we cannot agree on the bigger and essential issue [struggle for power] which is the reason why nations are armed? And this is the reason why all endeavors toward disarmament, *i.e.* reduction of armaments, have thus far failed."

Rejecting nuclear warfare as self-defeating and politically improbable, the author recommends intensive efforts by the free nations to win the cold war in the moral and intellectual fields. They should constantly demand the opening of frontiers, the cessation of radio jamming. One thousand scholarships a year for as many Soviet graduates to come to the United States to follow postgraduate courses would not cost more than an atomic gun and might make far more noise.

Finally, he would have the free nations project the image of a world federation, a synthesis of unity and liberty far superior to the universal Soviet Union offered by Moscow. De Madariaga would like all nations provided with disinterested technical and financial collaboration to elevate their standards of living and strengthen their national freedom. He would like to see "a worldwide freedom party to work everywhere for freedom as the Communist Party works everywhere for slavery.

This little book, so ripe in its wisdom, so clear in its vision, so felicitous in its expression, should receive a warm welcome at a time when there is frequent complaint of the dearth of new positive ideas and ideals.

Strategy in the National Style

"The United States in the World Arena: An Essay in Recent History," by W. W. Rostow *(Harper. 568 pp. $8.75), tracks foreign policy during the past twenty years and examines the forks in the path it has taken. John H. Herz, professor of government at The City College, New York, wrote "International Politics in the Atomic Age."*

By John H. Herz

IN THIS book W. W. Rostow undertakes to review the two vital decades of American foreign policy that extend from the beginning of the Second World War to the present (or, more precisely, to 1958). It is a massive, ambitious, and in part highly successful book. In its nearly 600 narrowly printed, closely argued pages historical narrative and problem analysis are happily married. While never neglecting facts—indeed, marshaling loads of them—the author continually asks of each developing situation or crisis: What were the problems confronting America and its policy-makers? What were the policy alternatives? How and why were choices made? The author is most successful when delving into two kinds of problems: those of economic and of military policy.

Thus his narrative of how strategy and policy of World War II unfolded and his discussion of the underlying forces (particularly the influence of the military and diplomatic "experts") are fascinating; so are his brilliant though rather chilling account of the beginnings of the present Administration's defense policies and his assessment of their continuing impact (including the President's role, or lack of same). And there is almost as much on corresponding trends and policies of America's chief opponent (although the analysis here occasionally starts from somewhat strange assumptions: what, for instance, is meant by repeated references to the present Soviet leadership's not controlling the secret police and the army's "ammunition dumps"?).

It is the more surprising that some equally important policies have been neglected, primarily the ones more specifically "political." Except for the immediate end-of-war period, for instance, there is nothing about U.S. policy toward Germany, nothing, that is, about the reconstruction of a country where American influence was so vital; nor is there anything on the problem of German reunification and the respective policy suggestions for long so hotly debated. The same goes for Japan and other nations whose domestic and external affairs were decisively affected by U.S. attitudes and policies (as, *e.g.*, Korea, from the installation to the demise of Syngman Rhee). Nor do we find anything on our domestic forces, interests, and pressures that had a bearing on these policies.

Another shortcoming stems from a perhaps too broad ambition. The author's chief underlying purpose, stated right at the outset, is to show how "the inner nature" of American society has affected the nation's foreign policy performance. This idea of a "national style" and its impact on foreign policy is thoroughly engrossing. But Professor Rostow does not follow through. Apart from scattered general references to an allegedly typical American idealism, pragmatism, "operational vigor," etc., there is no demonstration of how this "style" has actually affected specific policies as they were debated, adopted, and implemented. This is a pity, since there seems here to be a novel and exciting field for inquiry or, at least, speculation.

Toward the book's end the author sets out to develop his ideas on prospects. There is much of absorbing interest here, especially in a background analysis of emerging domestic trends in economics, governmental organization, and opinion. In the treatment of international trends, however, two points seem questionable. To this reviewer, one is the too easy assumption (on which everything else is based) of an inevitable "diffusion of power" in coming world affairs, an assumption primarily derived from the expected economic growth of underdeveloped countries (what about the contrary effect of the population explosion?). A second objection concerns the author's strong advocacy (on the very last page of the book) of a world federalism involving "an end to nationhood as it has been historically defined." All the preceding discussion is predicated on the assumption of continuing competition, race,

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strife between two worlds. Nothing prepares the reader for the sudden federalist outlook. The link, here missing, would be a detailed scrutiny of the chances of accommodation, abatement of tension, negotiation of specific issues, and the possibilities of similar steps through which the cold war might be transformed into peaceful coexistence, a stage which, in turn, could be preparatory for more closely federative world relations. In Rostow's study there is nothing about such chances and corresponding policies, except a vague reference to a "task of persuasion of the Communist Bloc" assigned to the West.

Despite my exceptions, I do not wish to convey a negative picture. The very fact that this work raises so many questions and, sometimes, objections attests to its thought-provoking character. As far as it goes, there is at this time nothing comparable with it.

The Justice Pleads for Excellence

"America Challenged," by William O. Douglas *(Princeton University Press. 74 pp. $2.50), consists of two essays on our need for intelligent dissent at home and for a broader policy overseas. Sydney J. Harris, is a syndicated newspaper columnist.*

By Sydney J. Harris

"JUSTICE DOUGLAS dissenting" in Supreme Court decisions has become nearly as frequent and familiar in our day as the vigorous dissents of Justices Brandeis and Cardozo in our fathers' time. The intellectual and moral framework of Justice Douglas's dissents (on and off the bench) is tersely sketched in this book's two related essays—the first scrutinizing the American temper in its domestic aspects, the second examining our role in world affairs.

This is not a document that will change anyone's mind. Justice Douglas's credo is expressed baldly, in simple declarative sentences. Since he is neither a stylist nor a natural writer, the force of his character and the impact of his integrity are not fully reflected in his prose—and we are left with little more than a "liberal's manifesto," to be applauded by those who already agree and ignored by those who do not.

His observations and recommendations will be familiar to anyone acquainted with responsible left-of-center periodicals. He is concerned about the trend toward conformity in modern American society, alarmed at the lack of principled dissent and the widespread indifference to civil liberties, perturbed at the inadequacies of our diffuse educational system and the dominance of our mass culture.

Like his opposite numbers in the conservative camp, he calls for a return to "individualism"—but his ideal individual is not the man who is allowed to make as much money as he can without interference from society; it is the man who dares to think for himself, to question the status quo, to stand up against all bureaucracies, whether they be governmental, managerial, labor, or military ones.

Yet nowhere in his first essay, "The Individual and the Crowd," does Justice Douglas suggest that the wholly materialistic and secular outlook of the liberal movement itself may be responsible for much of the mediocrity and moral flabbiness he detects in our society.

In the second essay, "The Nation and the World," he treads on much firmer ground. America's need of a consistent foreign policy is almost self-evident; our efforts abroad show a depressing pattern of vacillation, a lack of final goals, and therefore an absence of first principles. We seem to be playing foreign affairs by ear, with loud but dissonant results.

Justice Douglas recognizes clearly that money and guns are not sufficient to "democratize" the emerging nationalisms all over the world, or to meet the threat of Communism at the political and military level. He suggests outlawing the nuclear weapons, a program of progressive disarmament, and adoption of "the rule of law" through the International Court.

Most of all, he sees the need for *excellence*, rather than mere military power or economic wealth, if we are to compete successfully against the Soviets. This excellence must be intellectual, moral, and spiritual; it must hold out a genuine promise to the underprivileged peoples of the world, who are highly susceptible to the missionary zeal of the Russians.

America is challenged, he feels, not so much by Communism as by our own three greatest enemies: "complacency, mediocrity and intolerance." Overcoming these foes will give us the most potent—and perhaps the only effective—weapon against totalitarian ideology. It is hard to quarrel with this thesis, but one might wish that Justice Douglas had developed his argument in greater depth.

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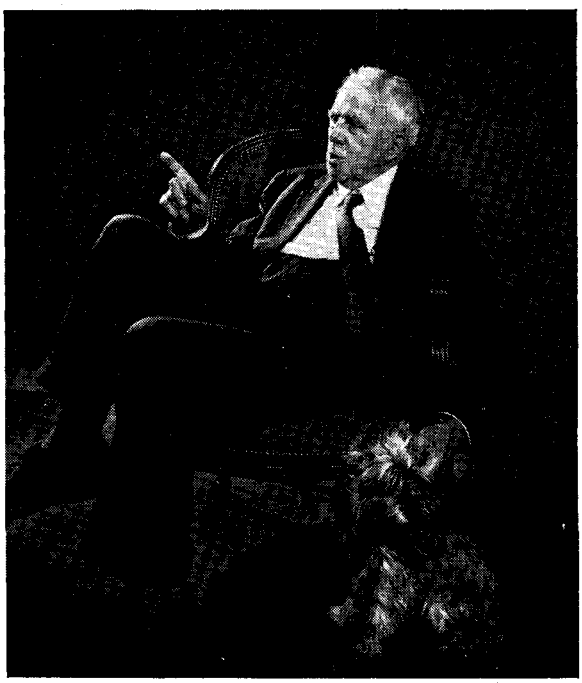
Nature's Bard Rediscovered



—Karsh-Ottawa.

Robert Frost—"more intricate and more complicated than many readers care to admit."

"Human Values in the Poetry of Robert Frost: A Study of a Poet's Convictions," by George W. Nitchie *(Duke University Press. 242 pp. $5),* ***"The Pastoral Art of Robert Frost," by John F. Lynen*** *(Yale University Press. 208 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Robert Frost: The Trial by Existence," by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant*** *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 451 pp. $6), explore the complexities of a man frequently extolled for his simplicity. Lawrance Thompson is the author of "Fire and Ice: The Art and Thought of Robert Frost."*

By Lawrance Thompson

FOR MORE than half a century that rascal Robert Frost has been taunting himself and his readers by publishing poetic expressions of his ironic and self-contradictory moods. Too many of his admirers are still inclined, however, to interpret him primarily as a pleasant nature poet, and nothing more. As a result, whenever that restrictive notion has been disturbed by perceptive critics, the reactionary howls of protest have been instructive. Now we have three more disturbing and valuable studies, each taking a different view in exploring evidences that the "simplicities" of Robert Frost as man and as poet are far more intricate and complicated than many readers care to admit.

George W. Nitchie (an assistant professor of English at Simmons College in Boston) provides a carefully reasoned minority report which finds in Frost's moods certain degrees of incoherence, incompleteness, evasiveness, even wrongheadedness. John F. Lynen (an assistant professor of English at the University of Illinois) makes his approach through form, in claiming that Frost's best artistic designs are rooted in certain conventions of the pastoral mode. Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (a free-lance critic and novelist) draws from reminiscences of her long friendship with Frost as she presents what she describes as a selective record of the poet's life. Inevitably, Miss Sergeant's biographical narrative will make the widest general appeal, but any serious admirer of Frost's poetry should find the more specialized studies by Mr. Nitchie and Mr. Lynen highly rewarding even if not entirely acceptable.

Starting safely, Mr. Nitchie proposes that because Frost is widely viewed as a nature poet there should be some advantage in raising questions as to his variable attitudes toward nature. He is troubled because for Frost the significance of nature seems to change from poem to poem, whereas many earlier poets from Lucretius to Wordsworth expounded coherent theories of nature. In contrast, he very shrewdly sees Frost's attitude as more closely related to Keats's contentment with a so-called "negative capability" which permits a man to endure uncertainties and mysteries and doubts, even about nature, without any irritable demand for ultimate reasons. It is admitted that while Frost seems to find an all but discontinuous relationship between nature and man and God, the poems suggest that these three categories of being share at least the tendency to express themselves in orderly configurations. This might indicate that for Frost man has both natural and divine sanction for trying to search out or create patterns of meaning. But Mr. Nitchie feels no persuasive evidence in the poems that either nature or God is concerned with man's designs and that there are no moral imperatives other than those man makes for himself.

Frost's vision, thus considered, suggests to Mr. Nitchie three possible lines of conduct open to man: he may construct his own designs, he may cooperate with nature in her more beneficent moods, or he may wait for divine revelation. What annoys Mr. Nitchie, however, is that Frost seems to place too much emphasis on the first of these possibilities, and seems to view nature as providing man merely with a prudential means of withdrawal according to plan into some safe rural retreat. There the problems of life are too much simplified and the basic responsibilities of social relationships are too largely ignored. He finds in Frost's poems a perhaps unconscious preoccupation with "an Eden myth," which represents a past infinitely desirable though lost, a place of idyllic stability and painless virtue, a state of innocent ignorance which provides a snug and smug excuse for avoiding the contemporary scene regardless of cost to human awareness and completeness.

AS though trying to defend Frost against these charges, Mr. Lynen begins with the warning that anyone looking at Frost's meanings through his artistic forms, as required, ought to discover that a poetic meaning cannot be plucked, in the shape of one overt and self-consistent statement. Ideas in a poem are, as colors in painting, the naterials rather than the essence. Hence the effects in Frost's poems are best appreciated when understood as enriched and complicated by elements of irony, ambiguity, paradox. So far so good.

As might be expected, Mr. Lynen acknowledges limited debts to Cleanth Brooks and William Empson. Like Empson, he applies certain formal aspects of the pastoral convention after dismissing as impertinent the stock devices of the unhappy shepherd, the fair shepherdess, the wandering flock, the oaten pipe. As applied to Frost, the basic quality of the pastoral form is a sophisticated point of view which chooses to measure the corruptions and perversions of urban life against the purity and simplicity of the rural. It is an attitude which deliberately turns away from the abstruse reasonings and

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evils of civilization in order to refresh more primary meanings.

Frost's achievement as a pastoral poet resulted, we are told, from his finding a new myth of rural life, a realistic and yet ritualistic basis for examining experience within the structure of the pastoral after he had left home for his sojourn in England, from 1912-15. Then and only then did he achieve that perspective which enabled him to see the life of rural New England as an ideal world which could serve as his Arcadia. According to the argument, the abrupt change was reflected in the contrast between the nonpastoral lyrics in "A Boy's Will" (1913) and the "pastorals" in "North of Boston" (1914). Mr. Lynen mistakenly finds himself convinced that those "pastorals" must have been written after Robert Frost had made a sudden change in his poetic direction.

In many ways, Mr. Lynen's "pastoral" thesis is vulnerable, and it seems particularly naïve when tested by the far more mature and penetrating questions raised by Mr. Nitchie. Moreover, Miss Sergeant provides factual evidence that several of the so-called "pastorals" in "North of Boston" were written as early as 1905. It might also be pointed out that there is precious little of the "ideal" in Frost's view of his own Arcadia.

MISS Sergeant offers further correctives for both Mr. Lynen and Mr. Nitchie, as it happens. Her subtitle deliberately implies that she finds in the pattern of Frost's life a sequence of existential trials, or dramatic conflicts, which repeatedly forced him to redirect his energies in painfully unpastoral ways. Thanks to Frost's ancestral Puritans, the word "trial" has a particular human value which finds reflection in "A Masque of Reason" when Frost imaginatively represents God as explaining to Job, "It was of the essence of the trial, you shouldn't understand it at the time. It had to seem unmeaning to have meaning."

For Frost, the relationships between nature and man and God are indeed mysterious, but not quite so discontinuous as Mr. Nitchie fears. From his earliest to his latest poems, Frost has consciously though reticently endowed many of his metaphors with metaphysical overtones of meaning which are deeply rooted in his own theistic religious acceptance of the spirit's perilous venture into matter. Mr. Nitchie wants Frost to be more systematic and dogmatic concerning ultimate meanings than the Puritanical Frost thinks man should be. Miss Sergeant helps explain Frost's tantalizing prejudices on this point.

Their Craft the Lyric Line

"Graffiti," by Ramon Guthrie *(Macmillan. 72 pp. $1),* ***"The Self-Made Man," by Reed Whittemore*** *(Macmillan. 79 pp. $1.25),* ***"The Crow and the Heart," by Hayden Carruth*** *(Macmillan. 93 pp. $1.50), and* ***"Walls and Distances," by David Galler*** *(Macmillan. 64 pp. $1), are the first four volumes in a new series of poetry in paperbacks. Richard Eberhart, whose "Collected Poems, 1930-1960" will appear next September, is Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress.*

By Richard Eberhart

THE MACMILLAN POETS are presented in paperback, "inaugurating a new program in the belief that our poetic heritage can endure and thrive only if the poets of today are widely read." This is all to the good.

Macmillan has chosen four poets to start on. They encompass roughly thirty biographical years. Ramon Guthrie was born in 1896, Reed Whittemore in 1919, Hayden Carruth in 1921, and David Galler in 1929. What do these poets say, how do they write?

Ramon Guthrie has returned to poetry after a lapse of time. His "A World Too Old" appeared in 1927, his "Scherzo from a Poem to Be Entitled The Proud City" in 1933. His early work displayed a cynicism characteristic of the times, loudly decrying the loss of Pan to modern society.

In "Thessaly" he wrote:

> And somehow, patiently, I stood
> Not by Adessa in the wood,
> But here in 22nd St.
> And of all the passers-by
> Not one had cloven feet.

And in "Scherzo" his grim humor queried:

> May not the painter paint out his canvas?
> And the poet burn his poems?
> Should not God have destroyed me
> To keep His conscience clear?

All these years later this book yields the following lines in "The Clown Painting a Self-Portrait":

> The voice of the Lord spoke out of a whirlwind:
> I answered Him out of a cyclone cellar.

When the poet is not stuck in the machinery of complex thought and diction he can break out into a beautiful, perfectly realized poem like "Mermaids in Maine," or allow himself the direct emotion at the end of "Amadeo Modigliani in Montparnasse." And while he is always concerned with "What is there left but loss?," conscious that "dust is in our mouths," Ramon Guthrie's "Postlude: For Goya" comes to the belief:

> Remember only this is not an end.
> We have won if we can believe
> that this is not an end.

The hilarity underlying his work breaks out in the riotous fun of "To and on Other Intellectual Poets on Reading That the U.S.A.F. Had Sent a Team of Scientists to Africa to Learn Why Giraffes Do Not Black Out." There are nine poems with the word clown in the title. He harks back to his Pan urge in "Professor Greywood as Pan," but now it is the "sign on an old man still lusty, / shamefaced, no longer fleet of foot." He is constrained to add his comment on Eliot's bang-whimper, "It ended in a titter, high shrill mirthless / running like flame through lint."

This is a civilized, Europe-oriented poetry. It is characteristic that Guthrie, a devotee of medieval poetry and of Proust, should write a poem entitled "Some Aspects of Baroque Architecture," in which baroque is defined in many ways, "a muted cadenza in an unrelated key." Guthrie's improved new work is valuable in itself as an American document of a learned, meticulous practitioner of the art, and for the persuasive subtlety and refinement of his enormous, galling wit.

Reed Whittemore's work, like Guth-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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A New Misuse of Political Polls

OVER the years, political polls have been subject to a good deal of criticism from a variety of quarters. Polls have been called dangerous, useless, superficial, productive of "bandwagon" psychology, discouraging to worth-while but little known candidates, conducive to the "tyranny of the majority," as well as just plain erroneous. I have made some of these charges myself and have warned against the misuse and misinterpretation of what I consider a potentially valuable tool of democracy. Yet, by and large, the motives of the poll-takers have not been questioned. Such detrimental effects of polls as have been conjectured have generally (not always of course) been taken to be *accidental* effects of a well-intentioned, honest endeavor to measure the public's beliefs and preferences.

But this year a new kind of suspicion is being aroused in a number of minds, a suspicion that the polls are in some cases being *purposely* and *primarily* used to influence the voting outcome. I am afraid that this suspicion is not altogether unfounded. The well-timed "leak" of some private polls, usually in part only, has created the unavoidable impression that the poll data were released in the hope of affecting the political fortunes of the candidates for whom the polls were made. So restrained a source as *The Wall Street Journal* commented recently: "Politicians are perfecting the timing of a leaked poll to an exact science."

The ethical question of the right of clients to release selected parts of surveys done for them arose and was settled a long time ago in the field of marketing research. It is a truism that fragments of the truth can be as misleading as downright lies—or more so. Responsible practitioners of marketing research therefore concluded that the only way to avoid the dishonest use of research results was to require of clients that either all or none of a given survey should be publicly released. The truth is seldom all favorable, and the result has been that most research results have been held confidential and have been used to enlighten clients on their strong and weak points, laying the groundwork for better products and policies. This rule has held for political as well as commercial research, when done for a client. Many political polls have been published, of course, but they have in general been polls conducted for no particular candidate or party but done simply in the interest of public enlightenment and paid for, if they have been paid for at all, by one of the media. If they were done for a private client the results have usually been openly released—not "leaked"—and in full.

THIS rule does not seem to be holding this year, and I believe the cause of good politics as well as the profession of opinion research is likely to suffer. When polls are used as political propaganda, to create either an "underdog" or "sure winner" psychology for a candidate—and there is reason to believe that this has happened recently—we have traveled a long way from the polling tradition which hopes to inform and enlighten, rather than affect political campaigns.

There has always been great pressure on pollsters to predict election outcomes. I have deplored this preoccupation as trivial, although I see no particular harm in it, and have always felt that the true function of the polls was to give both voters and candidates a clearer picture of the issues working in the electorate. But the amusement of the public through political guessing games is harmless indeed compared with the attempted manipulation of the public by poll data wrongfully used.

I can visualize the time coming when a candidate might approach a research firm with this proposition: "Let's see now, I'll need three polls. I'll want an early poll showing me well ahead—one I can show to a dozen influential men in the state so they'll take my campaign seriously and jump on the bandwagon early. Then I'll need another one showing me winning but by a smaller margin, one to which I can later point and say that after my brand of campaign I won by more than the polls said I would. Then I'll need a later one we can leak to my opponent through good old Charley Framizam of the *Daily Bugle*, one showing *him* comfortably ahead so he will relax during the last two weeks of the campaign—this one is just a precaution. Then, of course, if I lose, I can point to this last poll and show that at least I did better than the poll said and have therefore won a moral victory."

I AM not suggesting that any research firm I know of would accept such an offer. But I think that if we do not draw the line now and let ambitious politicians know that there are ways they *can* and ways they *cannot* use the polls, we may run into the danger of such an offer being made and accepted.

I do not say that private polls done for individual candidates are a bad thing. They are a very good thing, in my opinion; our firm has done such polls for years and plans to continue doing so. The candidate has two choices regarding publication: he can publish *every* significant finding or nothing. He cannot release just those findings which make him look good. Professional politicians were slow to convert to the value of polling, but many of them have now become enthusiasts, which is all to the good. By opening a channel of communication between candidates and the public, polls can serve the interests of both. But the suspicion that this channel is currently being misused has arisen in several places: in Congress, among responsible industrial users of research, as well as among those conducting responsible opinion research. The time has come for some clear-cut ground rules to be laid down for the use of private political polls, or the result will be a debacle far worse than that of 1948. —ELMO ROPER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BUNDESTAG ACTS

After the publication of N.C.'s "Open Letter to the German People" in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine,* one of the three leading German daily newspapers (together with an editorial calling on the government to fulfill its obligations toward the Ravensbrueck Lapins), readers of that newspaper responded vigorously. Many of them wrote expressing their surprise that, contrary to general belief, there were still victims of Nazi atrocities who had not yet been compensated by the German government.

Several members of the German Bundestag have now taken up the case of the Lapins. Among those actively interested are Social Democrats Carlo Schmid, Frenzel, and Ritzel and Christian Democrats Boehm and Friedensburg. On May 5, the Bundestag unanimously adopted the resolution calling upon the German government to see to it that "the surviving Polish women and girls who in the Hitler period were forced to serve as objects of medical experimentation and who suffered grave injuries" should "immediately receive adequate compensation." Sponsors of the resolution indicated that the German government had declared itself in favor of asking the German or International Red Cross to handle the funds.

Outside the German Bundestag, initiative on behalf of the Lapins has developed. The German Catholic Welfare Services has formed a committee which will prepare a private action on behalf of the Lapins if the German government does not offer a reasonable solution soon.

Heinz Wewar.

Berlin, Germany

A QUERY

In the June 11 *Saturday Review,* one of your book reviewers was identified as "Wisconsin Senator Hubert H. Humphrey." Would that make Jack Kennedy from West Virginia?

Charles R. Johnson.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Editor's note: *The last words gasped by SR's Civics Specialist as he was digesting his cyanide were: "Minnesota . . . Minnesota . . . Minnesota. . . ."*

WHO'S HOARDING?

In his "Report Card on TV" [*SR,* June 11] Mr. Robert Shayon incorrectly equates Gresham's Law with bad taste on the part of the television viewer. More correctly, this classical principle of economics states: where the good and the bad are equally available, the bad tends to drive the good out of circulation because those who hold the good refuse to part with it.

Even in this form the law may well be operating; entirely too many of the better television series have abruptly disappeared in their prime. But who are the hoarders, and what benefit do they derive by keeping these good programs entirely to themselves?

Paul Frenzen.

Chicago, Ill.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith.

"And this is my nephew Wesley, who wishes to come courting. At least you can see what you're getting."

TOGETHERNESS AGAIN

In reference to the origin of the word "togetherness" as suggested by Mr. Anthony Weir in his letter [*SR,* May 21] and corrected by Mr. Robert H. Stacy in his [*SR,* June 11], I would like to point out that the term was used many times by Alfred North Whitehead in the Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Edinburgh, 1927-28 and published under the title "Process and Reality: An Essay in Cosmology" (Macmillan, 1929).

As used by Professor Whitehead, "togetherness" is a precise philosophical word covering the "various special ways in which various sorts of entities are 'together' in any one actual occasion." So used, it carries none of the sociological connotation given it by the admen.

I doubt if Professor Whitehead coined the word. I would put it with words like "becomingness," "connectedness," "whatness," and "thatness," which are peculiar to the vocabulary of the technical philosopher and so necessary to the expression of philosophical concepts.

Robert J. Cooke,
Syracuse University.

Syracuse, N. Y.

After reading Mr. Anthony Weir's letter concerning the creator of the term "togetherness," and, as on the first reading of it, I was aware that some months ago I had come upon the word in a text which considerably antedates the advertising campaign that both popularized and killed it.

The last paragraph of chapter seventeen of D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" contains this sentence: "Perhaps only people who are capable of real togetherness have that look of being alone in the universe. . . ."

Lawrence did not define the term, but his paragraph connotes a sincerity that I never found in the advertiser's use of the word. I do not mourn its passing; I simply object to its perversion.

Joseph G. Foster.

Mifflinburg, Pa.

In answer to Mr. Robert H. Stacy's query in regard to Whitehead's use of the term "togetherness," try "Science and the Modern World," chapter XI, "God": "Actuality is through and through togetherness—togetherness of otherwise isolated eternal objects, and togetherness of all actual occasions."

The concept of togetherness is at the base of Whitehead's teleological metaphysics.

Charles W. Huffine,
Adjunct Lecturer in Philosophy of Education
Hofstra College.

Hempstead, N. Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Wilde in Double Jeopardy

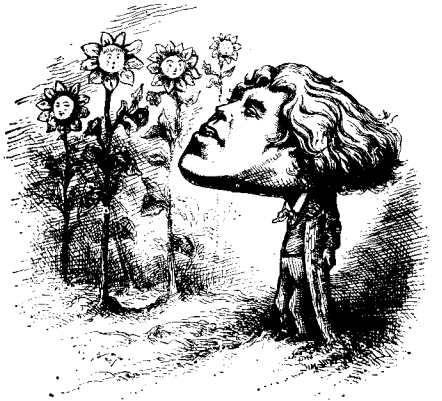
THE WORLD HAVING gone this long without a single movie about Oscar Wilde, suddenly there are two, both made in England, each production unit racing the other to the wire. While "**Oscar Wilde,**" with Robert Morley has finished first, the prize, if there is to be any, must go to "**The Trials of Oscar Wilde,**" for the latter is as handsomely mounted a motion picture as has come from England in some time, with Peter Finch giving a remarkably sensitive and many-shaded performance as the author whose trials caused a sensation sixty-five years ago. The fact that these films could be made at all—in neither is the problem of Wilde's homosexuality ducked—shows the degree to which barriers against certain themes and subject matter have been breaking down. It is doubtful that either picture will have the seal of our Production Code administrators ("Oscar Wilde," in fact, has already been denied one) but they will get their showing nevertheless. These movies are strictly for adults, and they should be kept so.

This is not to say that taste and discretion are lacking in either of the two versions. In "The Trials of Oscar Wilde," particularly, there is evident a genuine effort to place Wilde in tragic perspective, to show him as both brilliant and perverse, a man being hounded to his doom by a self-appointed guardian of late-Victorian respectability, the Marquis of Queensberry. An odd sort of sympathy accrues to Wilde, in spite of his poses, his posturings, his perversity. An enemy of the moral assumptions of his time, he found himself placed in the position of being an enemy of society. That society chose to punish him; in its so doing he was cut off at the height of his gifts. Wilde, the movie makes clear, was in error, but his major error, it now seems, was in assuming that the public, which for a time fawned upon him, could be flouted endlessly.

There were, in all, three trials of Oscar Wilde. They grew out of his friendship with the young, handsome Lord Alfred Douglas, son of the Marquis of Queensberry. The first trial found Wilde as the prosecutor, suing Queensberry for libel, egged on to this course by Douglas, who hated his father. The tables were quickly turned on Wilde, when the defense brought out evidence showing Queensberry's allegations to be well founded. Wilde then became liable for prosecution, and there were two more trials, one bringing in a verdict of disagreement, the other convicting him. The trials consumed two months in all. At the end of that period Wilde's brittle facade had crumbled, and he was a broken man. He was sentenced to two years at hard labor, the limit the law allowed. These are the main events "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" covers, and those familiar with the material (most of which can be found in the book of the same title, edited by Montgomery Hyde) will find the film a fairly authentic job.

Most of the figures who played a part in the true-life drama are on stage, so to speak: Robert Ross, the close friend of Wilde, who was faithful to him all during his trying period; Constance, his wife (played by that fine actress, Yvonne Mitchell); Sir Edward Carson, whose cross-examination broke through Wilde's witty, paradoxical defenses; Sir Edward Clarke, who represented Wilde in court through the three trials; the strange mother of Wilde; the maniacal Queensberry (played with almost too much intensity by Lionel Jeffries), and Douglas, the effete young man, handsome, petulant, talented, and shown sponging on Wilde to a greater degree than the facts, perhaps, warrant. The facts are not always followed with strict accuracy. The ending shows Wilde snubbing Douglas at Victoria Station when he is about to go into exile on the Continent after his prison term. In actuality, Wilde joined Douglas in France.

Ken Hughes, who both wrote the screenplay and directed, has exercised some dramatic license with his material. The rearranging, so far as effect is concerned, is rather to the good. Quips and sparkling wit fall from the lips of Wilde at appropriate moments. The green carnation (an affectation of Wilde's and a clear indication that he *did* pose as a Sodomite, as Queensberry alleged) adds to the atmospheric recreation, as do the settings—the bars, the restaurants, the home of Wilde, the Old Bailey. In the latter setting James Mason contents himself with the small but effective role of Sir Edward Carson, whose cross-examination is still regarded as one of the most brilliant in the history of the English bar. Most of the honors must go to Peter Finch, however, who, bearing little physical resemblance to the Wilde we know through portraits and photographs, gives us subtle, sympathetic indications of his qualities. The pallor is there, the affected manner, the extravagant hair style, but also in his performance is the sense of a man of genius, a unique individual who, triumphing in his craft, was punished for too great a daring, and for what we are now inclined to understand as his pathological condition.



—Bettmann Archive

Oscar Wilde as Thomas Nast drew him for "Harper's Weekly."

While both films are worth seeing, it would be unfair to "The Trials of Oscar Wilde," with its excellent color photography, performing, and direction to say that the other "Oscar Wilde," is its equal, even though much the same ground is covered. Robert Morley's Wilde is similar to his performance in the play in which he was seen here in 1938. While in physical appearance he is closer to the caricatures of Wilde than Peter Finch, his quality is a mixture of waspishness, petulance, and arrogance. There seems more haste in the production, and less pointedness in Gregory Ratoff's direction. The coverage of the trials is more extended than in the rival version, allowing Sir Ralph Richardson some first-rate moments as the cross-examiner, but the details of the events leading up to the trials are skimpy. John Neville is stiff and entirely too dignified as Lord Alfred Douglas; Edward Chapman as Queensberry fails to get across the man's malevolence with any force. The movie is further marred by a preposterous opening in which Wilde speaks to us from his grave. Morley's best moments occur at the end, when an absinthe-clouded mind still formulates eloquent phrases. Wilde, who had two plays running in the West End at the time of his debacle, would probably appreciate, if he were alive, the irony that two movies about him are now running in New York. He has lasted. His opponents are remembered only through him.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

How Many Systems?

SOME WEEKS ago I proposed here a new approach to our present system of broadcasting. In essence it was a return to the law under which licenses are issued, the law which does not say that a licensee must transmit a few or a great many programs "in the public interest," but which says that his *whole* operation, every minute of it, must be in the public interest.

This interpretation of the law alters the responsibility of the broadcasters, of the Federal Communications Commission, and of the critics of the present system. It is to the last that I now offer a question.

Can any single system of broadcasting, no matter how many different networks or stations it includes, use and properly exploit all the capacities of television? And if the answer is that it cannot, what other system or systems should be constructed?

Our present system assumes that broadcasters, seeking legitimate profit in a commercial society, can adequately serve the public. In the past year, dozens of proposals have been made for the creation of an alternative, nonprofit system or for the assignment of program hours not intended for profit, within the commercial schedule. The systems offered range from a complete network operating under the Federal government to a competing commercial system of Pay-TV. In general, their intent is to correct the proportions in which broadcasting now offers programs for the vast mass and for large minorities. All of them would diminish the current prosperity of the broadcasters (which is not sacred) and at least one, Pay-TV, would seriously jeopardize, if it did not entirely destroy, our present system.

I am committed to the principle that in a democratic society a variety of sources is desirable. As a case in point, the doleful condition of our movies can, I am sure, be traced back to the simple fact that in essence we have had but one source, that Hollywood has had a single intention and has been without effective competition in movie-making. I ought therefore to be all for the creation of a system that would differ in purpose from commercial broadcasting. I should accept this consequence reluctantly because I dislike the concept of separation between the many and the few. I prefer the concept of integration, of bringing a constantly improved and varying program schedule to stations serving the general public.

I do not, however, have to make the choice because a legitimate and effective "third force" already is in existence: the fifty-odd educational stations. Only a few of them have the funds and the frequencies to serve their communities adequately. Much needs to be done to make them effective. But the one thing that need not and should not be done is to create another system in competition with the educational network.

In "The Human Use of Human Beings," Norbert Wiener has said that "we need to find some mechanism by which an invention of interest to the public may effectively be dedicated to the public." More and more it becomes clear that we need to invent the social mechanism for exploiting all the vast potentialities of television so that it serves the legitimate wants, the known and the latent needs of our society.

I think we need to discover first whether the two present systems can, between them, properly serve us. If they cannot, then we can proceed, on the basis of ascertained needs, to create a supplementary system. To rush the organization of a new system now is to jeopardize the great benefits which each of them now confers and to condemn them both to a fruitless and wasteful competition.

—GILBERT SELDES.

A Bird Is a Keeper

By Rosemary Thomas

"Birds do not sing from happiness or mating impulses, but through a hormonal process activated by light. . . ." —Danish ornithologist, *The New York Times.*

A bird is a keeper of sayings.
Over and over he keeps saying
the same thing, over and over
the same unembarrassed syllables
utter light into sound.

In December, when the moth dark
sponges the wool of the spruce,
does he remember the water-wheel
of sunrise, does he split again
the spectrum of his throat
with the song he memorized so long
ago, the blaze of summer gone?

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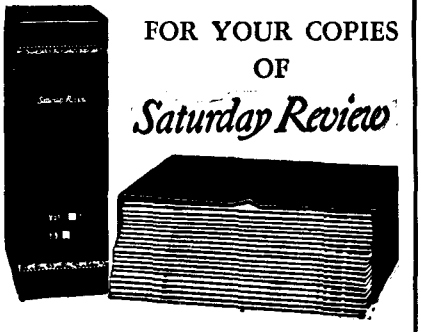

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Once Around Tahiti

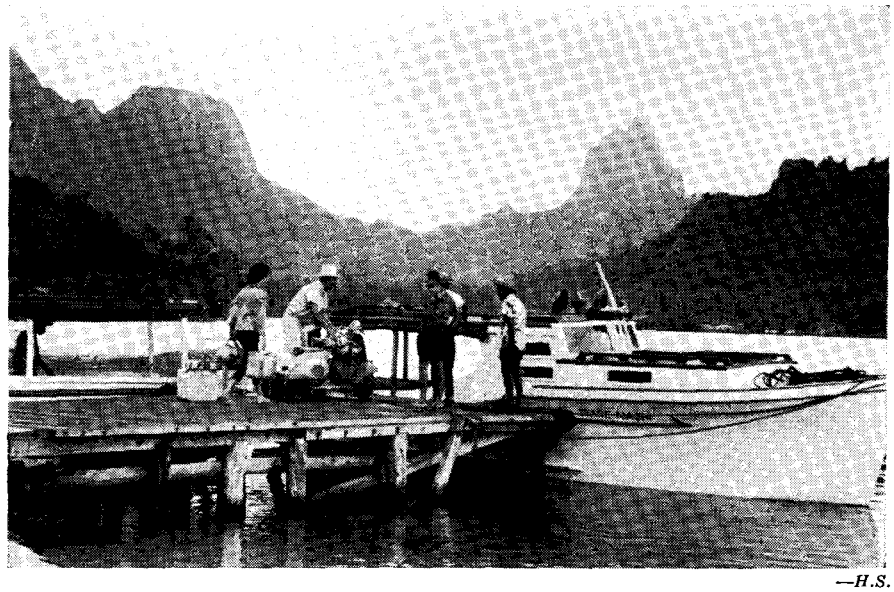
MME. JEANNE WINKELSTROETER who is short and dark and a bundle of energy and intelligence and who is French, came to Tahiti with her German husband twenty-seven years ago. The Tahitians, who have no trouble at all with a word like *puaahorofenua*, which means horse, had considerable trouble with Winkelstroeter. Since M. Winkelstroeter was called Bobby by his wife, she became Madame Bobby. In the quiet years of the tourist trickle Mme. Bobby ran a travel agency called by the rather dashing name of Air Tahiti, bought property, grew vanilla, and raised two children. The boy is now in Paris and the girl, who served an apprenticeship last summer at the Hotel Halekulani in Honolulu, is back home in French Oceania, helping to tend the Winkelstroeter enterprises which are burgeoning like morning glories. For one thing Air Tahiti has sprouted a combine called Tahiti Tours which will arrange trips to anywhere, especially to its new Hotel Aimeo on the neighboring island of Moorea and its restaurant Faratea on the sea near Taravao, the midway point on the circle island tour of Tahiti.

There is no one more steeped in Tahitian lore than Mme. Bobby, who also has taught herself Tahitian. It was with great good fortune the other day when I drove a small Renault around the island that I was able to persuade Mme. Bobby to sit with me, filling me in like a translator feeding a principal at an international conference. As we drove eastward out of Papeete, setting out clockwise on the tour—the weather deteriorates quickly on the northeast shore and we took advantage of the early sun—Mme. Bobby reflected on all the years when tourism was indeed slim pickin's. "Oh, occasionally we would get some romantic who had been here before and wanted another look." There was a New Zealander not long ago. He had been here twenty years ago and naturally there was a girl he remembered. It had been a romantic vision, a memory that grew more lush with the years. He spent five or six days searching for her, and one day he came stumbling into Mme. Bobby's office, fell into a chair and fanned himself. He had found her. She was married and had seven children. But it had been a typical reunion. The girl, now a matron, shed buckets of nostalgic tears, her New Zealand lover of twenty years ago cried too, and for that matter, so did her husband.

Since there is only one circling road in Tahiti, addresses are designated by kilometers measured both clockwise and counter-clockwise from Papeete, the colorful capital town—I cannot bring myself to call it a city—which teems with belles, bikes, sailors, yachts, bars, and Chinese merchants. At Kilometer 5 on the clockwise route we drove off the road into the memorial to King Pomare V, last of the Tahitian rulers, who, lulled and romanced by the French, finally abdicated to them in 1880 thus ceding the island outright to France. He died two years later, and was buried in the carriage given him by the French instead of in the traditional canoe. Atop his tomb—it is, I think, a rather sad and slapstick touch—is a king-sized bottle of Benedictine, his favorite drink, with which in his lifetime his friends in the French Navy had kept him amply supplied. Despite the advances made by the church, Tahiti remains a superstition-filled island, and superstition once whispered that anyone who touched the tomb of Pomare would get leprosy. When the memorial needed repair not long ago no native could be persuaded to work on it. Princess Terii Nui o Tahiti, an ancient lady, still lives, and it was not until she personally arrived on the scene to give the orders that the king's tomb could be fixed.

Point Venus, two kilometers farther on, is a tree-shaded glen where a rivulet, born in turmoil in the streams that explode down the crashing green hills, spends the last moments of its identity in a gentle stillness softened by the canopy of rosewood trees and iron wood before it washes at last out to sea. The wind was blowing through the trees the day we came, a whistling known by the old Tahitians as the sound of the gods. The priests who went afoot in the dark to listen to it for omens, rather the way the oracles communed with the gods at Delphi, were called the people-who-walk-at-night. In the stillness of the stream, placid now in its final moments, a sailboat waited with infinite patience of its own, and at the sea's edge stood a girl casting with a long bamboo fishing pole. Here on this point, within earshot of the sea crashing into the barrier reef offshore, begins the contemporary history of well-chronicled Tahiti, for it was here on June 23, 1767, just one hundred and ninety-three years ago, that Capt. Wallis, commanding the H.M.S. Dolphin, dropped anchor in Matavai Bay which lies in the lee of the protecting point. Two years later Capt. James Cook landed here with an assignment from the Royal Geographic Society to observe the transit of Venus across the solar disk. Cook was to go on to chart the coasts of New Zealand, Australia and New Guinea, discover New Caledonia, probe Bering Strait, and finally meet a pointless death on the shores of Hawaii in an imbroglio with a Hawaiian over a stolen boat.

Next came Bligh who pulled into Matavai Bay on October 17, 1788 to load breadfruit trees which were to be introduced to the West Indies. On the way home began the storied mutiny so memorably told by Nordhoff and Hall in "Mutiny on the Bounty," displayed on the screen with Charles



—*H.S.*

Hotel Aimeo's landing at Moorea—"the enterprises are burgeoning like morning glories."

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Laughton and Clark Gable, and now about to be remade.

Four years before when I had made this same circle tour midpoint was merely a Chinese restaurant, admittedly a unique one since it dispensed at the same time, fresh water shrimp, Pouilly Fuissé, tire patches, and flacons of *Femme de Rochas.* The place had burned and had been rebuilt in the intervening years, and it had also developed competition. At the water's edge Mme. Bobby had taken over an idle concrete building, covered the insides with pandanus paneling and opened it as an inn managed by a displaced Italian named Guido Corno. There was an enormous buffet which could scarcely have been more decorative were it copied leaf by lettuce leaf from a summer issue of McCall's. Dark village maidens, brooding and shy, circled about the table wearing bright pareus, the traditional island dress that is a sub-navel skirt and a wisp of a bra. Guido was working on a separate table slicing the finest sausages of France. I hadn't seen such a selection since I visited the Foire au Jambon or so-called Ham Fair held each year in Paris at the Place de la Bastille. The dolorous girls padded about in bare feet, serving hearts of palm in a split coconut shell, then quiche Lorraine, tiny shrimp, fish, cheeses fetched from France, fruits fetched from the countryside, and inky coffee to settle the wavy lines of full focus set adrift by the wine.

Back in the Renault with its Avis Sticker on the rear window, an extraordinary label out of another world spinning up there to the northeast at a rate far faster than us, we continued circling the Tahitian clockface, rolling past the gentle dells where Rupert Brooke came to live in 1914 and to write "Tiare Tahiti" and "The Great Lover," a special favorite of James Norman Hall. Brooke was killed in France the next year, but Hall who had flown with the Lafayette Escadrille survived and it was while browsing around European bookstalls at war's end that he had come upon an account of the mutiny on the *Bounty* that inspired Nordhoff and him to write the famous version that appeared as a trilogy.

—*H.S.*

Faratea waitress — "sub-navel skirts and sausages from France."

Madame Bobby took us into the Marae Arahurahu and we parked the car to walk into the green valley where the old Polynesians came to worship. The platforms of lava and coral stones have been restored and the altar has been replaced where Tahitian penitents came to offer fish and bananas. Sometimes humans were offered too, but they were always brought covered to the altar and referred to euphemistically as "The Long Fish."

As we drove towards Papeete we stopped in to see Ed Ehrich, a retired executive who once worked for the American Broadcasting Company in New York. I had written of him in 1956, describing his spacious house with its books, its typewriter now scarcely used, its records, its magazines dispatched from home, and the beach out front with the afternoon sun making green gold stripes of the palm fronds that hung over it. "You described my place, and you described me, and then you wondered whether I was happy," said Ehrich rapping my knuckles with a sponge. "Next time I read you you were wondering whether some Swiss on a train was happy, then you were in Greece wondering whether the Greeks were happy. I think it was just your year to worry about the world."

Four years had left him unchanged. He sat there in shorts drinking Scotch, as *au courant* with the world as the most recently arrived copy of *Time* would permit. Although he ventured into town only on occasion—the driver of Le Truck, the Tahitian bus of all service, will do your shopping—he had well developed opinions on world events particularly how they affected his forsaken homeland. His American convertible, the same one I had remembered from my previous trip, was still in the driveway and as I took my leave of him and his Tahitian friend, decorated as she was in pareu and flashing good looks, the blue-throated *vini vini* birds, tiny wild parakeets, swooped out of the trees in flocks. On the way home we passed Punaruu, the valley where the oranges grow wild. When they are ready for picking the chief declares the valley open and hundreds of boys clear the path deep into the green pocket and the next morning file out of the interior carrying bags of

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oranges. Then oranges appear in sacks by the side of the road and they show up in the market of Papeete. The sun was settling and I wondered if the fishermen would be out as usual off the black sand beach at Pirae on the far side of town, one man in a boat riding across the golden arm that the sun stretches across the still Pacific. We slowed down behind Le Truck which had stopped in front of us to let off a passenger and collect a shopping list from a suburban household. The benches inside Le Truck were packed with city bound passengers and from a hand rail on the back dangled a great bonita its silvery bottom, every now and then, catching a glint of the settling sun as it poked through the palms lining the shore. —HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the second in a series on French Polynesia.)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

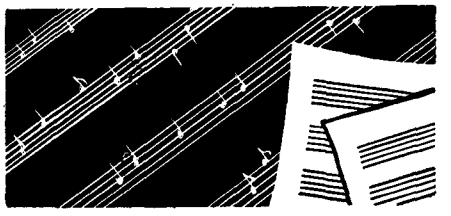
A British Week-end, Indoors and Out

FOR ALL its size and musical resources, New York has yet to develop a summer activity to rival London's Glyndebourne – which is to say that thus far it has not acquired a patron with the enterprise and vision of John Christie, who brought the English to a new appreciation of Mozart. But a recent visit made clear that in the estate called Caramoor, Westchester County offers surroundings to rival Sussex, even closer to the metropolis. Here, under the sponsorship of the Walter and Lucie Rosen Foundation and the musical direction of Alfred Wallenstein, a venture of modest beginnings has expanded this year to invite attention to five concerts of English music, including Delius's "Sea Drift" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas."

As a garden spot, Caramoor's wooded acres (500 or more) are eye-filling vistas of massive shrubbery and deep-rooted trees, formal and informal gardens, dirt paths and rug-like lawns under files of cedars. As a hospice for music, it offers a Spanish courtyard fronting the main house for chamber music and other intimate matters, a Venetian Outdoor Theatre elsewhere for orchestral works and stage productions. Not more than half of its 1500 deck chairs were filled for the opening concert of Purcell, Delius, Elgar and Vaughan Williams, which may argue several things, including local inertia, insufficient promotion or limited interest in this particular fare. Even so the potentialities were plain.

What Caramoor needs is a magnet strong enough to draw first-time viewers, for there is little doubt that one visit leaves—as it did with me—a desire to return. On this June evening the high ground between Bedford Village and Katonah offered a value to distinguish it from all outdoor musical arenas recently visited between the Stadium and the Bowl, and from Aspen to Aix—freedom from intruding noises. Perhaps it was unusual for no plane to pass between 9 and 10:30, but that merely gives Caramoor official status in the elite circle of festivals worldwide where—as every indoctrinated visitor knows—the unusual is the norm. Indeed, the quiet was so profound that one regretted (almost) that the evening was not all-Delius. "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," "Summer Night on the River," "Over the Hills and Far Away" would have suited these surroundings as well as "Sea Drift"—which is to say, very well indeed. Prefacing the concert was Beethoven's "Fidelio" fanfare to draw the visitors in from the gardens: if that didn't suffice, the following "Trumpet Voluntary" of Purcell (Clarke) did.

Vis-à-vis Glyndebourne, it may be noted that in Wallenstein, Caramoor has a music director who has conducted Mozart and Stravinsky there, who knows high standards and can attain them. The performance of "Sea Drift" acquainted us with an orchestra and chorus of good enough qualities to achieve his objectives, though the present acoustic arrangements literally put a ceiling on what can be accomplished. That is to say, the temporary construction by which the permanent U-shaped structure of Renaissance arches has been converted into a covered platform for the performers dulled more than a little the sound of strings and woodwinds. Brasses projected better,



but something more resonant is in order if Caramoor is to progress as well as endure. John Reardon, known for his work at City Center, sang the solo baritone music of Delius with pith and understanding, though audibility of the text was an intermittent thing.

Here then, Nature (plus some lengthy, costly horticulture) has provided Man with every physical resource for a distinguished addition to the lengthening list of summer music festivals, domestic and foreign. The challenge reposes in what man (plus woman, in the person of Mrs. Lucie Bigelow Rosen who is the proprietor, patroness and prime mover at Caramoor) can make of it. A pre-Stadium retreat for the Philharmonic? An off-season centre for Metropolitan Opera talent performing out-of-season attractions? A stimulating setting for the old and provocative, or the new and irritating? It could be any or all of these things, given the inclination and the will. Like Caramoor itself, its festival is on the rise of the hill. Up is always more inviting than down.

No physical factors inhibited another

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demonstration of British musical mettle which came to attention on the same week-end. If the drums of war must beat, the place to hear them is on the Hurok Parade grounds (also known as Madison Square Garden) where the current version of the prime English institution known as the Tattoo is on display. Combined with the marching bands, the dancing pipers and the rifle-twirling drill teams are contests in acrobatics, gymnastics and commando tactics which justify its description as a Military Tournament and Tattoo.

In terms of current military effectiveness, prowess of this kind is not much more significant than jousting, but it adds its measure of excitement to the high total of evening-long entertainment. Clearly there are partisans as well as patriots in the overseas audience for the attractions of Her Royal Majesty, for the four deputations of pipers, clad in tribal tartans, evoked a frenzy of applause more pronounced than the bands of the Royal Air Force (Catterick, Yorkshire), the Royal Marines (Plymouth), or the Second Battalion Green Jackets. However, this is merely a matter of predisposition, for the quality level of all the performance was as even as it was high, a tribute to the British skill in organization and training which has, more recently, made the Royal Ballet the outstanding entity it is. The lexicon has no higher praise. —IRVING KOLODIN.

The Intruders

By Robert Graves

I ask the young daughter
Of Jetto, a painter,
(Disclosing three faces,
Two bold and one fainter,
On Jetto's *Moon Chart*):
How dare these scapegraces,
These odd bodikins,
Who would once hide their grins
Among wall-paper roses
Or carved lambrequins,
Flaunt pantomime noses
And Carnival chins
In abstractionist art?
But Jetto's young daughter
Has drawn me apart
And pleads for the faces:
'*Don't show them to Father!*
He'll turn black as thunder
To see their grimaces—
He'll bury them under
Whole tubefuls of madder,
He'll widow my heart.'

THE FINE ARTS

The Painter Meets the Critic

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Recently Mark Tobey, one of America's most distinguished painters, stopped off in New York en route to Europe from his home in Seattle. SR's art critic, Katharine Kuh, interviewed him at this time. Excerpts from their conversation follow:*

QUESTION: I notice you seem particularly concerned about what you call a growing impersonalism in America. What exactly do you mean?

TOBEY: I mean the way landmarks with human dimensions are being torn down to be replaced by structures that appear never to have been touched by human hands. There seems a talent today for picking the most beautiful and personal places to destroy—what might be called an esthetic destructive sense. Often the defense for this is built into the word "progressive." It's my opinion that when people obliterate the past too quickly they don't know where they are in the present. It seems a phenomenon of our time—this impersonalism—and must be a child of our overindustrialization and our belief in the material man.

QUESTION: How does it show itself?

TOBEY: For one thing, in the prevalence of uniform boxlike buildings which seem poor orphans of the once-promising Bauhaus tradition. The sense of present-day speed is also impersonal. There's no doubt that we worship the Queen of Death, the automobile. Already today the newspapers tell us we can expect about 400 auto deaths over what a taxi driver aptly mentioned to me as Memorial weekend.

When I was in China I learned the character called Chung, which means the middle. The Chinese have a quotation, "The middle of everything is the best." We don't have any sense of this middle ground any more because we're either racing forward too quickly or reacting backward too quickly, thus making extremes meet. And then there's no movement in the circle; the goals become the same.

QUESTION: How does all this affect present-day art?

TOBEY: Many paintings today seem mere fragments and therefore just promises without fulfillment. The cursory methods now so popular are indicative of this very haste. I believe that painting should come through the avenues of meditation rather than the canals of action. Only then can one have a conversation with a painting. If I find no content there's no communication.

QUESTION: Surely you are not referring to all the leading American abstract painters?

TOBEY: No. All the great ones give their work a presence of its own. I'm only speaking of the general trend.

QUESTION: What do you mean by the content of a painting?

TOBEY: The content of a painting is tied up with time, place, and history. It is always related to man's beliefs and disbeliefs, to his affirmations and negations. How we believe and disbelieve is mirrored in the art of our times. For those who can read it, the sources reveal themselves.

QUESTION: What are your sources?

TOBEY: Mine are the Orient, the Occident, science, religion, cities, space, and writing a picture instead of building it up in the Renaissance tradition. In the Forties I created a sensation of mass by the interlacing of myriad independent lines. In their dynamic and in the timing I gave to the accents within the lines I attempted to create a world of finer substance. But I do not think I pursue conscious goals. The only goal I can definitely remember was in 1918 when I said to myself, "If I don't do anything else in my painting life, I will smash form."

QUESTION: You are referring to your "white writing," aren't you?

TOBEY: "White writing" appeared in my art the way flowers explode over the earth at a given time. With this method I found I could paint the frenetic rhythms of the modern city, something I couldn't even approach with Renaissance techniques. In other words, through calligraphic line I was able to catch the restless pulse of our cities today. I began working this way in England—in Devonshire in 1935—when I returned from the Orient, where I'd studied Chinese brushwork. So in gentle Devonshire during the night, when I could hear the horses breathing in the field, I painted "Broadway" and "Welcome Hero." In the process I probably experienced the most revolutionary sensations I have ever had in art, because while one part of me was creating these two works, another part was trying to

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hold me back. The old and the new were in battle. It may be difficult for one who doesn't paint to visualize the ordeal an artist goes through when his angle of vision is being shifted.

QUESTION: What was "Welcome Hero" about?

TOBEY: About the hullabaloo of great parades down Fifth Avenue in the Twenties—the sirens, bells, horns, cheers, the cacophony of the whole experience.

QUESTION: Did you name your new technique "white writing"?

TOBEY: No. It was a term given to my work. I never thought of it as "white writing." People are apt to consider "white writing" typical of Tobey. You know an artist can easily die twice, first in his work and then in the usual way. Success is his test, for if he succumbs to the outer pressures of success—to any one demanded or so-called typical style —then he repeats himself and dies on the vine.

QUESTION: Do you relate your work to the past in any way?

TOBEY: I comb museums because history shows that often in the past those artists who were considered not of their own time have remained in the front line longest.

QUESTION: For instance?

TOBEY: Bach, late Turner, Cézanne, late Rembrandt—in fact, as soon as a man became himself, off went his head. Mozart once said in a letter, "I have never sought originality." After all, the cult of the trademark is an integral part of the market place. When I look at Grünewald's "Crucifixion," the sky grows darker, the Christ is never quite dead and the terrible anguish of the Magdalene with her soft white wringing hands—this for me is experiencing content in a painting. It would be very rewarding after climbing the long ramp at the Guggenheim Museum to find something like Grünewald's Crucifixion.

QUESTION: You said religion has influenced your work. How?

TOBEY: I've been influenced by the Bahai religion which believes there has been but one religion which renews itself under different names. The root of all religions, from the Bahai point of view, is based on the theory that man will gradually come to understand the unity of the world and the oneness of mankind. It teaches that all the prophets are one—that science and religion are the two great powers which must be balanced if man is to become mature. I feel my work has been influenced by these beliefs. I've tried to decentralize and interpenetrate so that all parts of a painting are of related value. Perhaps I've hoped even to penetrate perspective and bring the far near.

—KATHARINE KUH.

Poetry

Continued from page 23

rie's, is based on the prose sense of a line. Neither goes off into high lyric; neither displays a voluble music. Of the endless possibilities of poetry Reed Whittemore, since his undergraduate and *Furioso* days at Yale, has developed a consistent style that is very much his own. He is the self-centered, introspective man carrying on an endless debate with himself about poetry and the meaning of life and of the world.

He ranges far and wide, always coming back to how he feels about how he is feeling, what he thinks about what he is thinking. Seemingly somewhat diffuse, practical, down to earth, homely, and straightforward, there is nevertheless a fine measure of artistry and cunning in his method. His honest, low-keyed poems are a pleasure to read. They are taken in at once and the lot of them gives a sense of the weight and justice of what he is saying.

OF his interesting verbal inventions, one which has his peculiar stamp is the break-off, where he lets the reader in on something out of the poem which is put into the poem, as

> where was I?
> Of late
> I have been reading too much on this
> subject.

By the end of "A Tale of a Poem and a Squash" one has received the true movement of his mind.

Whittemore is even-tempered, urbane, judicious, truth-telling. He writes, "How hard it is to make words out of feelings," then goes on doing it, as in "The Past, The Future, The Present," and in many poems, "Making meaning bearable." He can begin a poem about "The Self and the Weather" with "It is tiresome always to talk about the weather, or think about it," write well, and end on "and so forth."

"Purity" is one of many of his fine poems and "Sputnik" is prophetic. "A Winter Scene" and "Notes on a Certain Terribly Critical Piece" are typical of his attitudes and technique. At his most serious, the last four lines of this, his third book, show not only Mr. Whittemore's thought, but the delight he takes in a controlled charm and wit of language:

> One loses what one would gain even
> while pursuing it.
> The past rushes ahead while one is
> reviewing it.
> One does not do what one does without undoing it
> (These lines spewing it forth, and thereby eschewing it.)

Hayden Carruth, in his first book, has lyrical tension, a variety of moods and styles. He has longish poems, short poems, a series of fifteen-line poems. He provides a poem, "Johnny Raw's Ballad," which is very good. He presents a fine lyric, "Song," about girls, a keen lyric entitled "Men Leaning Forward," a taut lyric called "Address," another taut lyric, "Anxiety," and two denser, excellent formal poems, "The Buddhist Painter Prepares to Paint" and "Mondrian." His warmth of heart shows in "An Apology for Using the Word 'Heart' in Too Many Poems," his profundity in "On a Certain Engagement South of Seoul."

Carruth is musical and lyrical. "The curious ear can hear the voice of God" in Bach. He writes a "Canon for Two Boys and Lute."

"The Wanting Poet's Dream," where he dreams that he "had found / A page by Master Yeats / Never known before" is composed in a pleasing Yeats-like stanza form. I can quote only the last two of four stanzas:

> Why should a poet see
> Better than plumber,
> Carpenter, or clerk
> Into our history?
> It said destroying wonder
> Is a poet's work.
>
> In good plain words it said,
> "Know, if the world seems evil,
> It is only what it seems,
> And any old chucklehead
> Can think or unthink the devil."
> Such are the truths of dreams.

David Galler is thicker and denser in style than Mr. Carruth. His poems are heavy suspensions of meaning, admiring the "motionless statuary" of Edwin Muir. With respect to his heavy thoughts he struggles for resolutions of the problems posed by continuous intellection. He is serious, without the older wit of Mr. Guthrie or the music of Carruth, and thus far, in his first book, has not produced a uniform type of poem as has Mr. Whittemore. He experiments with different forms, protesting and introspecting.

The haunting nature of his inner concerns is well projected in "The Execrators," while an imaginative leap at the end of a poem is represented by the last lines of "The Carousel." "In the Garment Center" and "The Park" are poems of considerable sophistication. He is formal in "The Good Man," confessional in "The Estrangement," and perhaps comes to his most mature speculation in a rewarding poem entitled "The Wall."

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Swastika

Continued from page 17

more humane than ever before, ready to throw their last bit of strength on the side of justice and truth. Unquestionably, Mr. Heimler is in the latter category. One might attach a symbolic meaning to the fact that the first person he was to meet after liberation was a young Czech girl, who spontaneously kissed him after recognizing on his jacket the triangle and serial number of a political prisoner!

3. The Survivors

By Brian Connell

FICTION is often nearer to the truth than are facts, particularly when the facts are difficult to obtain or deliberately obscured. Wilfred Schilling's scathing novel, "The Fear Makers," gives so true an insight into the atmosphere of a German provincial town now that the former Nazis feel sure of themselves again, that journalistic proof of their resurgence becomes superfluous. In a country where too many social gatherings contain an increasing sprinkling of once again respectable *Waffen*-S.S. men, it is hardly surprising that the author has chosen to emigrate to Belgium for fear of retribution.

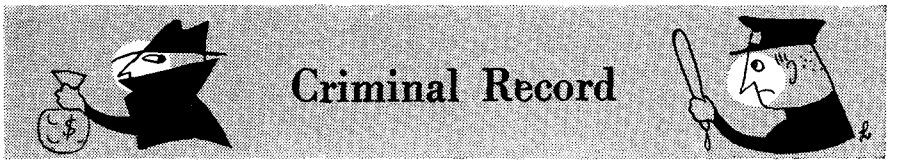
Schilling's style is sufficiently documentary for his story to carry overtones of autobiography. His hero, Alfred Link, an anti-Nazi journalist who survived the Hitler regime, was persuaded, not unwillingly, by the French occupation authorities, to assist them in liquidating the administration of the *Gauleiters* and planting the tenuous roots of democratic forms of government. This involved the arrest and trial of former Nazis, the sequestration of their loot, and the cold-angered tracking down of their ringleaders.

Link found himself the partner in midnight roundups in the small hours. Internment camp and prison sentence, usually commuted when the West started to need Germany again, expiated in mild form the captured Nazis' crimes. Back in civilian life they renewed their old associations and plotted their revenge against those who had humiliated them. Link's political activities were covered by the Occupation Statute, but a vicious combination of former Nazi public prosecutor, examining magistrate, and malicious witness enabled them to fabricate against him a purely criminal charge of "robbery with violence": he had actually handed over some of their personal belongings to the French military authorities when they were arrested and searched.

This book is as much an indictment of the Nazis who have returned to power and office as of a German legal system which permits indeterminate arrest on remand at the pleasure of an examining magistrate, in this case a Nazi lawyer whose extradition for crimes committed in a foreign country had been refused for lack of evidence: all the witnesses were dead.

Link's nightmare in jail—relieved only by the coarse humanity of a warder who had served all masters since the Kaiser; the reluctance of lawyers to take on a politically unpopular case; the desperate fight of Link's wife to break through the vicious circle with a *habeas corpus* plea, and the eventual intervention of the non-Nazi judge to consider the case make fascinating and sickening reading.

Free on remand, with the charge still hanging over him, Link considers fleeing Germany, but stays to face the music as an isolated representative of democracy, his only hope the statute of limitations, which will simultaneously absolve his accusers of all their crimes. If all this sounds like fantasy, it is only necessary to read the current newspapers account of the Oberländer imbroglio and the persecution of the Jew, Kurt Sumpf, in the little town of Köppern, to appreciate how desperately true is Schilling's condemnation of his country's mood. It is dispassionate and important enough to push wide the door opened by "The Dairy of Anne Frank."



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THE SCHULTZ MONEY. *By Malcolm Gair. Crime Club.* $2.95. Mark Raeburn, ex-Yarder turned private eye, takes on inheritance case involving identity of claimant from America; Fascist outfit would like big dough too; there are dead. Well-paced when chips are down.

AN ELIZABETH DALY MYSTERY OMNIBUS. *Rinehart.* $4.50. Three Henry Gamadge novels ("Murder in Volume 2," "Evidence of Things Seen," and "The Book of the Dead," first issued respectively in 1941, 1943, and 1944) are here assembled, 798 pages strong, in a fine construction of wartime auld lang syne.

THE "CANARY" MURDER CASE. *By S. S. Van Dine. Scribners.* $3.50. Philo Vance returns to the land of the quick in this reissue of a 1927 classic. If you don't know him, now's the time to meet him; if you remember him, renew the friendship.

MIX ME A PERSON. *By Jack Trevor Story. Macmillan.* $2.95. London rock 'n roll set springs to aid of a fellow-devotee headed for gallows; nice female psychiatrist has leading role. Warm and appealing, with lively amateur detection.

THE ALTERNATE CASE. *By Joseph F. Dinneen. Little, Brown.* $3.75. You remember the famous Denton Transfer Company heist of—oh, a few years back. The author of this book, a long-time Boston crime reporter, here reconstructs the affair from a reverse angle, and does a superb job. The stage is jam-packed, but that isn't his fault—this was a really big deal. Described as a "documentary novel," the book is precisely that.

NOT ME, INSPECTOR. *By Helen Reilly. Random House.* $2.95. Murray Hill hubby leaves home in rage on same night heiress is crumpled in car; wife's situation parlous, but Inspector McKee wraps it up; vicuña coat worn. Highly involved.

TO CATCH A SPY. *By Bruce Sanders. Roy.* $2.75. Ex-Yard policewoman and secret service ace, honeymooning in Paris, tangle with international espionage ring; motor trip to south of France is pleasant. Orthodox cloak-and-dagger piece.

THE REAL GONE GOOSE. *By George Bagby. Crime Club.* $2.95. Inspector Schmidt, Manhattan homicide ace, takes over when violent death removes female member of beat generation who is Boswell Bagby's neighbor. Sprightly and funny, but turns into conversation piece.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Fiction

Continued from page 19

rogance and hot temper made enemies, even among his own colonists, and eventually he shot a man in self-defense. With the courts in the hands of hostile cattlemen, he had to run for his life. His wife Teresa and his two sons followed him, and they made a new start under a new name. He made another fortune in Atlantic City, New Jersey, and his son became a world-famous artist and teacher known as "Robert Henri."

This tale is essentially Robert's story, the story of a sensitive, talented boy growing up in the midst of frontier violence. But it is also the story of the ambitious promoter, "the Gamblin' Man." Inevitably, too, it is the story of frontier people fighting hunger, cold, blizzards, drouths, grasshoppers, prairie fires, and ruthless cattlemen.

The book's characters are all drawn from life and are given their actual names; the events can be documented. The factual framework makes this unusual fiction and gives the tale a pattern most novelists would have altered to their purposes. But Miss Sandoz had her own purpose and she has achieved it splendidly by telling the story the way it happened. John Jackson Cozad, the gambler who wanted to escape his own past, is a tragic, yet heroic figure. Perhaps Robert became a great artist because of those ten crucial and troubled years of frontier boyhood. To both of them the little haymarket town of Cozad, Nebraska, still stands as an ironic monument right where John Jackson Cozad founded it, where the 100th meridian crosses the Platte River, practically in the geographic center of the United States. —HAL BORLAND.

FRASER YOUNG'S
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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 889 will be found in the next issue.

SASCOEFQTN QB

DITTO, LB ZHTN LB

QE QB FLXXSTQTN

EH BHPSYHGO SZBS.

KQZZ CHNSCB

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 888

A hole is nothing at all, but you can break your neck in it.

—AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

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(Continued on page 36)

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(Continued from page 35)

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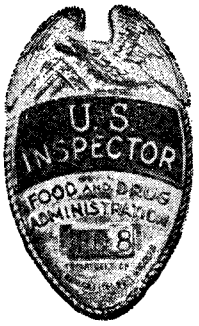

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DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Personality Portrait—LII • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: A Federalist Paper for the 1960s

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

DRUGMAKERS AND THE GOVT.—WHO MAKES THE DECISIONS?

SINCE January 1959 there have appeared in these columns from time to time reports on abuses in the marketing of drugs. It was here that attention was first directed to a conflict of interest in the employments of Henry Welch, Ph.D., who accepted pay for editing two privately-owned journals financially dependent on the drug makers at the same time that the people of the United States were paying him, as chief of the antibiotics division of the Food and Drug Administration, to judge drugs. But nothing conveyed in this space heretofore has been as disquieting as the burden of this present report will be. For events have thrust upon us the question: In the regulation of drugs in this country, who makes the final decisions—the government or the drug makers?

If there had been very much truth in a widely accepted cliché—a cliché the drug makers have spread as though it were utterly true—the cliché which says patients needn't ever worry about the medicines they take because the government is watching day and night to make sure that all drugs are safe and pure—Dr. Welch would never have been allowed to compromise even the most superficial appearance of his official vigilance. But he was allowed to compromise not only his own office, not only the antibiotic division of F&DA, but the whole of F&DA and beyond that the very integrity of the Federal Department most intimately related to the life of the common man. According to evidence now in the hearing record of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, he was able to collect more than a quarter of a million dollars in seven years time through a formula that enabled him to see from month to month which drugmaker was contributing how much to his income. The Senate record says he was even able to use the signature of an unwitting President Eisenhower on greetings to impress foreign scientists at annual drug symposia whose papers Dr. Welch later sold in two or more different forms for his private profit. Documents in the Senate record reveal his slanting of these symposia to his own private ends, his insertion into other people's manuscripts of the names of some drug makers and his removal of the names of some other drug makers, and his intensively active role in calling the attention of drug houses to reprints that would be valuable in sales promotion of particular drugs.

Shocking though it was, Dr. Welch's chicanery was part of one public officer's behavior, which other public officers could deplore and move to isolate. (Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur H. Flemming did require his resignation.) Now, however, the same Senate record that bears the account of Dr. Welch's operations has spread upon it a story in which he is only one of many characters—a story that casts doubt on the conduct of the whole Food and Drug Administration.

THIS story begins where *SR's* reports on drugs began in January 1959, with a drug called Sigmamycin. Sigmamycin is made by Chas. Pfizer and Co., Inc. One of the advertisements for it—a brochure that featured the implied testimonials of eight physicans who did not exist—provided the clue that led to the unmasking of Dr. Welch. In checking the clinical citations on that ad, *SR's* Science Editor discovered Dr. Welch's name, followed by his government title, on the mastheads of two journals owned by MD Publications: *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy.*

It turns out that the misleading Pfizer ad that was reproduced in these columns was only one of the quieter elements in a Sigmamycin advertising "blitz." Chief blitzer was Dr. Welch. In opening the annual antibiotic symposium for 1956, he named the chemical ingredients of Sigmamycin as exemplary components of a "third era in antibiotic medicine," an era to be marked by the blessings of synergistic combinations of drugs—that is, drugs which together bring more effective results than they would if they were administered singly.

THE Senate testimony does not divulge whence it came, who brought it, or who wrote it, but does indicate that a draft of the remarks Dr. Welch was to make popped up in an advertising conference at the offices of Pfizer International in New York, the foreign marketing division of Chas. Pfizer and Co., Inc. This was a week or two before the symposium. Dr. Gideon Nachumi, now a resident physician at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, testified that while he was a third-year student in medical school he had been hired by Pfizer International as a copy writer. He had moved over to Pfizer from a similar job in McAdams International, the advertising agency which handled the Pfizer advertising account until 1958. "As is customary," he said, "people having received Pfizer products or Pfizer grants submitted papers to the symposium . . . Usually, they [the papers] are first submitted to Pfizer itself for editorial changes. These changes usually are designed to make them more intelligible, perhaps more accurate, and perhaps sometimes to make more clear the advantages of the Pfizer product." "In the middle of a bunch of such articles," he related, he

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came upon "a speech by Dr. Welch" which "I was assigned to revise."

This "was unusual to my mind," he said; the papers that came to him normally were "submitted by people who were all pro-Pfizer. I do not know what would have happened if we had received an unfavorable paper to do." He asked his Pfizer superiors about the propriety of his having the Welch speech and "they said this was kind of courtesy extended by the company."

"Do you know how those remarks [the remarks Dr. Welch was to make to the symposium] had been obtained in the company?" Dr. Nachumi was asked, under oath. He replied:

"I was told simply that Dr. Welch had submitted them for approval."

At the time Dr. Welch's speech arrived, the record relates, Pfizer International was in the midst of a brainstorming session in preparation for marketing the new drug Sigmamycin. The drug had been submitted to F&DA for approval on 20 August 1956; approval had been granted on 28 September 1956. It was the first fixed combination drug for which synergistic effect was claimed. Pfizer planned to make the most of that by drumming a theme that "a third era of antibiotic therapy" was dawning. Some of the ads presented the dawn in color, with a glowing sun emerging from the sea. Dr. Nachumi responded to this inspired imagery by inserting the Pfizer slogan for Sigmamycin into Dr. Welch's speech. The Senate record shows that Dr. Welch, who had previously sent to his government superiors a draft of the speech, also sent Dr. Nachumi's amendments—including the Pfizer theme, verbatim—for approval just two days before the symposium opened.

What this opportunity meant to Pfizer was spelled out by another Senate witness, Warren Kiefer of Old Saybrook, Conn., novelist and film writer who once was production supervisor of the public relations department of Pfizer International. It was "exceedingly valuable," he said, "for us to have to work with in our campaign what amounted to endorsement by the head of the antibiotics division. . . . Normally we work with scientific papers only, and this sort of thing—using the very slogan that was the keystone of the advertising campaign—was exceedingly valuable to all our promotion . . . much better than simply having it emanate from a company spokesman or someone whose opinion might be questioned."

One Pfizer employe was unhappy about the situation. He was Joseph R. Hixson, who in 1956 was manager of pharmaceutical public relations for Pfizer Laboratories, one of the domestic subsidiaries of Chas. Pfizer and Co., Inc.

—*Wide World*

Dr. Barbara Moulton wants to "dispel the myth" that government drug regulations are "protecting the consumer completely."

Mr. Hixson was among the last to learn of his company's plans to send the newspapers a press release about Sigmamycin built around the slogan to be mentioned in Dr. Welch's speech. He testified he got the news on the morning of 16 October 1956, the day before the symposium. Then someone from Pfizer International brought a copy of International's press release to his office. Mr. Hixson summoned a conference of the people at his level, spoke his opposition to putting out a story in which the name of a drug was so closely linked to the name of the public official responsible for regulation of that drug. The other conferees agreed with him, or at least he thought they did, and he left by plane for Washington to cover the domestic public relations aspects of the next day's symposium.

Mr. Hixson had hardly reached Washington, he told the Senators, before he received a telephone call from Pfizer's public relations director in New York, George Weiler. Weiler's message was that George Stone, assistant to Pfizer president John McKeen, had personally ordered a press release similar to the Pfizer International release to be issued to newspapers in the United States. Mr. Stone's say-so didn't make Mr. Hixson feel the ethics of such a release were what they ought to be, and Mr. Hixson telephoned Mr. Wallace Jansen, public relations man for F&DA, in the hope that "he would kill it."

Mr. Jansen did not call Mr. Hixson back. But within a half hour Mr. Weiler was on the phone from New York, "foaming at the mouth," as Mr. Hixson put it in his testimony. "Take no further action until we get there," Mr. Weiler ordered.

Dr. Welch delivered the speech to the symposium on the following morning, in the form amended by Dr. Nachumi. Pfizer bought 238,000 copies of a reprint of it prepared by Medical Encyclopedia, Inc., the publishing house in which Dr. Welch and his wife are half owners. Pfizer also bought 343,000 copies of a reprint of an echo of the speech—an editorial Dr. Welch wrote for *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*—and Dr. Welch, under his working formula with MD Publications, collected fifty percent of the net profit on those.

The reaction of medical scientists who attended the symposium was described at the Senate hearings by one of them, a woman physician-delegate. Dr. Barbara Moulton, daughter of former Brookings Institution president Harold Moulton, was, at the dawning of the Pfizer-Welch "third era," an officer in F&DA's bureau of medicine. She was a well-qualified observer, having always had infectious diseases as a field of special interest, having been a bacteriologist before becoming a physician, having studied antibiotics long before they became applicable to clinical medicine, and having for two years before joining F&DA been assistant director of the Municipal Contagious Disease Hospital in Chicago where her duties included clinical research in antibiotic medicine and the teaching of antibiotic therapy to medical students and resident physicians.

"Dr. Welch's opening remarks . . . at the 1956 antibiotics symposium . . . about antibiotic combinations representing the third great new era of antibiotic medicine produced a most unfavorable reaction on the part of the more reputable clinical investigators," Dr. Moulton testified. "I heard most derogatory comments on the part particularly of the foreign participants in the symposium, who were shocked by the obvious commercialism of the whole program, and who stated unequivocally that the United States Government seemed to be dominated by the pharmaceutical industry in a way that would not be tolerated abroad.

"The particular product which caused most of the criticism was Pfizer's combination of oleandomycin and tetracycline, marketed under the trade name Sigmamycin."

"It was common talk" within F&DA before the symposium, she went on, that Pfizer had made up that particular drug combination because approval for its marketing would come from Dr. Welch's antibiotic division of F&DA

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rather than from F&DA's new drug approval unit, and "they could expect more lenient treatment from the antibiotics division.

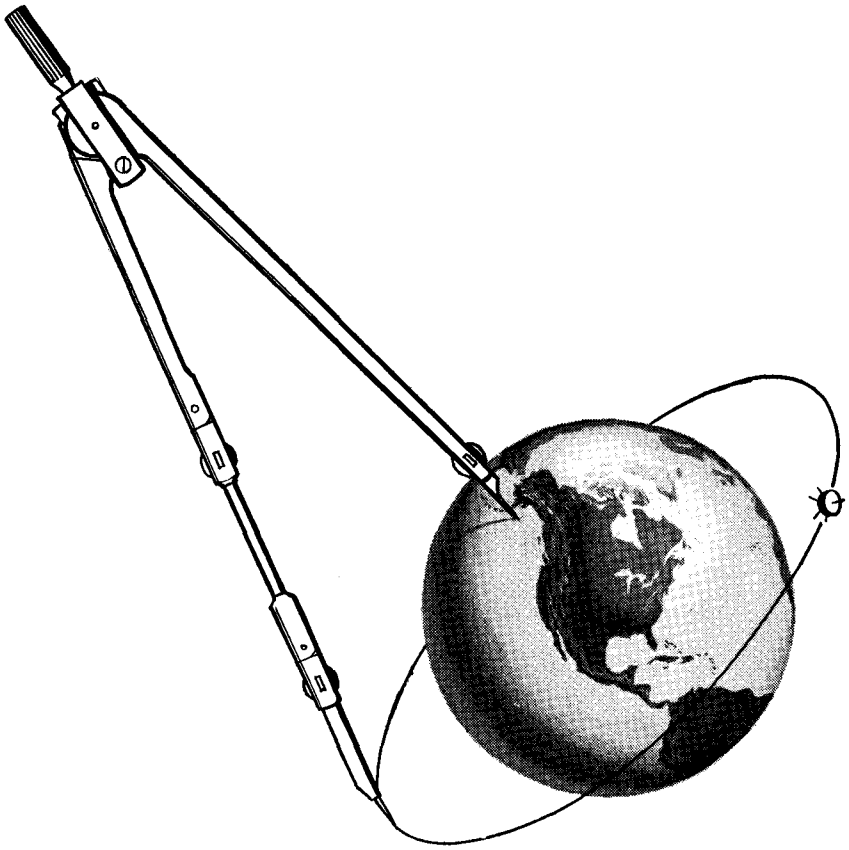
Dr. Moulton explained that act of Congress requires certification of some antibiotics but not of others, that the certifiables were passed on by Dr. Welch and the non-certifiables by the new drug unit, and that tetracycline was a certifiable antibiotic whereas another clinically similar if not identical drug that could have been used in its place—oxytetracycline—would have to be approved as a new drug.

"Pfizer possesses the exclusive rights to oxytetracycline but tetracycline is marketed by a number of different firms," she pointed out. "Therefore, one would naturally expect Pfizer to prefer promotion of a combination involving oxytetracycline. Even to my naïve mind, the fact that they chose tetracycline for promotion rather than oxytetracycline seemed significant."

AFTER Dr. Welch had issued the permit for Sigmamycin with tetracycline as a component, and thus established a legal precedent, Dr. Moulton's testimony added, Pfizer applied for and obtained permission to market the drug with oxytetracycline instead.

During the year following Dr. Welch's proclamation of "the third era" at the 1956 symposium, Dr. Moulton continued, the medical literature "contained a number of scientific articles as well as editorials attacking the concept of fixed combinations of antibiotics, and objecting to Sigmamycin in particular." The critics said that no one outside Pfizer had demonstrated synergistic action by the drug outside a test tube, nor were researchers elsewhere able to confirm the Pfizer claims that Sigmamycin would not be susceptible (as other antibiotics were) to growth of new strains of bacteria resistant to the drug. A group of the medical experts on the editorial staff of the two journals Dr. Welch edited outside the government insisted on publishing a statement in one of those journals opposing Dr. Welch's position on the whole front of fixed combinations drugs and "the third era." Dr. Welch answered the criticism in the same issue but did not dispose of the doubters.

Within a month resentment against his flouting of medical tradition reached a point where he had to make some mollifying gestures. The Senate record shows that on 15 November his medical aide, Dr. Charles N. Lewis, wrote a letter to F. Howard Hedger of Pfizer complaining about the inaccurate statements Pfizer was making in its promotion of Sigmamycin. The record includes no reply to this communication, indicating instead a staff investi-



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gator's belief that F&DA's rebuke was answered with a telephone call. Perhaps a caller reminded Dr. Lewis that it was Dr. Welch who had publicly heralded "the third era." In any case, there are among the Senate hearing documents a series of F&DA internal memos in which Dr. Welch exhorted his laboratory staff in F&DA to take over the task of proving, by experiment, that antibiotics did possess synergistic power.

Before Dr. Welch's next antibiotic symposium in the fall of 1957, Dr. Moulton, in her official capacity in F&DA, undertook to review the evidence of safety and efficacy of both forms of Sigmamycin—the one that included tetracycline and the one that included oxytetracycline.

"That was two and a half years ago," she told the Senate investigators in June 1960. "So I cannot now recall all the precise details. But the clinical material presented was very much below the usual caliber for new antibiotics. There were no well-controlled studies. There were no reports by really prominent investigators. Most of the names of the investigators were completely unknown to me. In most cases the patients were given the drugs without an accurate diagnosis having been established, or with a clinical diagnosis of a condition for which antibiotic therapy is not indicated. There was even one death (uncommented upon) in a virus disease which just is not fatal. So I was led to wonder whether or not the use of two completely unnecessary antibiotics might not have led to a superinfection with fatal results."

At that time, Dr. Moulton said, there was in the bureau of medicine of F&DA a good deal of discussion about handling false or exaggerated claims for efficacy of new drugs under the misbranding sections of the law.

"SIGMAMYCIN seemed to me a promising test case," she testified, "and I discussed with my chief and several of my colleagues the possibility of making such a charge."

By then Dr. Welch's 1957 symposium was not far off, and it was deemed advisable to hold up formal recommendations against Sigmamycin until after the meeting, especially because several papers about the drug were on the agenda.

On the morning of the symposium opening, Dr. Moulton was startled to learn that a report to be presented by Dr. Welch's own F&DA staff "did, after all," as she put it, "confirm Pfizer's claim that a significant degree of synergism existed between oleandomycin and tetracycline," the original components of Sigmamycin. "I was told," she testified, "that the published paper would give the full data so that anyone choosing to read the fine print would be able to make up his own mind as to whether the conclusions drawn were justified." She said this paper "was openly criticized . . . in the discussion at the symposium" but "neither this discussion nor the full data appeared" in what "was eventually published in the *Antibiotics Annual* which Dr. Welch edited." Although documents introduced into the Senate hearing record by members of the investigating committee staff show that independent researchers in England soon contradicted the findings from Dr. Welch's government laboratory, action against Sigmamycin was effectively blocked.

"THERE could be no further thought of a misbranding charge," Dr. Moulton observed, "against a drug which could point to published work by the Food and Drug Administration in support of its claims—even though the work was merely in the test tube, and although few clinicians in the field of antibiotic medicine consider such evidence valid with respect to results in human beings."

Dr. Moulton told the Senate investigators she took the story of her frustrated pursuit of Sigmamycin, along with "many articles dealing with the tragic results from abuse of antibiotic therapy in general which I had collected for several years," to her F&DA superiors in the hope that they "might . . . at least . . . insist that approval of antibiotic claims should in the future be strictly under the control of the bureau of medicine" of F&DA.

"The only answer I received," she said, "was that Dr. Welch had a great reputation and added luster to the name of the Food and Drug Administration, and that nothing could or should be done against him."

Sigmamycin is still on the market today. An editorial in *The New England Journal of Medicine* recently referred to it as the worst extant example of a drug being prescribed by physicians in response to misleading advertisements and in disregard of adverse warnings in their own medical journals.

The Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act which now governs the manufacture and marketing of drugs in this country was enacted under provocation of the abuse of one drug. It happened in 1938. The sulfas were new then, and one of them, sulfanilamide, was difficult to place in solution to be administered to patients. After trying various solvents, one drug house adopted diethylene glycol, a close chemical relative to anti-freeze. Trusting the drug salesmen, as they do today, physicians prescribed this deadly potion as a medicine. An epidemic of deaths—more than 100 of them—broke out. At that time there were no requirements for marketing new drugs. When F&DA agents investigated the deaths and discovered Elixir Sulfanilamide to be the common cause, the only legal way they could drive the drug off the market was to charge the manufacturer with misbranding. The Elixir was not the alcoholic solution it claimed to be. The resentment of a populace which thought it had been protected against irresponsible dosing thereafter expressed itself in Congress. The new law of 1938 required all new drugs to be tested for safety and approved by F&DA before being sold.

—*Wide World*

HEW Secretary Arthur H. Flemming has started two investigations of the F&DA.

The original draft of the 1938 law would have kept new drugs off the market unless they were effective as well as safe. The powerful drug lobby in Washington succeeded in knocking out the requirement for efficacy before the law passed. As a result, ordinary water could be sold as medicine today if people were credulous enough to buy it.

Dr. Moulton in her testimony made the point that "no physician, no one who has ever been responsible for the welfare of individual patients, will accept the idea that safety can be judged in the absence of a decision about efficacy. No drug is 'safe' if it fails to cure a serious disease for which a cure is available. No drug is too dangerous to use if it will cure a fatal disease for which no other cure is available."

The reasonableness of Dr. Moulton's argument is evident. If a sufficiently

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large number of the American people are persuaded of it and transmit that persuasion to their physicians at home and to their legislative representatives in Washington, Dr. Welch's abuse of public confidence with the one drug Sigmamycin can become the genesis of far more sweeping reform than the one triggered in 1938 by the Elixir Sulfanilamide death epidemic. The dimensions of appropriate change are plain on the face of the transcript of Senator Estes Kefauver's hearings. The situation prevalent within F&DA, as sketched by Dr. Moulton's testimony, amounts to a standing invitation to drug company influence.

The direction of Dr. Welch's loyalty was indicated to the Senators by HEW Secretary Flemming: "the all-mighty dollar." Dr. Moulton's testimony gave examples of how the pursuit of that loyalty by one man paralyzed other men with other loyalties. Sigmamycin was only one drug for which she said Dr. Welch accepted standards lower than the standards ordinarily accepted by F&DA's bureau of medicine. "On several occasions," the lady doctor testified, "we objected to some secondary ingredient in a new drug as of unproven safety only to find that antibiotics division had previously permitted its use in a certifiable antibiotic without demanding the type of evidence which new drug branch was accustomed to demand. Our chemists were disturbed by tremendous variations in potency permitted for certifiable antibiotics but which were not in line with the rest of F&DA policy. . . . Dr. Welch had attained such a position of authority within the administration that to question any action by his division was something that even the medical director was afraid to do."

To what extent was Dr. Welch a cause and to what extent was he merely a symptom? It was in 1953 that MD Publications "bought into" the F&DA by assuming financial control of the antibiotics journal Dr. Welch had founded in 1950. In that same year 1953 the Congress withdrew some of the investment of the people of the United States in F&DA by reducing appropriations for inspection of drug factories. According to the Senate testimony of Dr. Ernest Q. King, a former F&DA medical bureau official now with the Veterans Administration in California, the shortening of the people's holding in drug regulation occurred "primarily because the food and drug administration prosecuted one of the constituents" of a Congressman: e.g., a drug house with powerful political influence. Did this combination of events produce a reaction that seriously weakened F&DA?

"Recent discussions before another Congressional Committee as to the impropriety of private conversations between the Federal Power Commissioners and industry representatives have interested me greatly," Dr. Moulton told the Senators. "In the Food and Drug Administration such conferences are the rule rather than the exception. When a drug firm submits a new drug application for an important new drug, it is common practice for their representative to call the chief of the new drug branch [of F&DA's bureau of medicine] a few days later and inquire which medical officer is handling the application. The name is promptly supplied. The medical officer then receives a call to the effect that the firm wishes to send representatives in to discuss the application, and he [the F&DA officer] is expected to make such an appointment promptly. If he does not do so, perhaps for the very valid reason that he has not as yet studied the application, the appointment is made anyway by a clerk. . . .

"If the firm anticipates no difficulties, it sends a single representative. If the medical officer has suggested over the phone that the new drug application may not be completely satisfactory, four or five men may appear in his office to argue the case. He may also be invited to attend a medical meeting sponsored by the firm at which the drug in question will be discussed by the clinical investigators. Frequently at such meetings the investigators who have been lukewarm or cold about the merits of the drug are not invited to participate.

"If the medical officer handling the new drug application is still not satisfied with the evidence of safety [of the proposed drug], the company will frequently make an appointment with the Medical Director [of F&DA] who has not seen the data on the new drug application, to present the company side of the story to him. I have known such conferences to be followed by an order [from the F&DA's Medical Director] to the medical officer [charged with responsibility for the drug] to make the new drug application effective, with the statement that the company in question has been evaluating new drugs much longer than the medical officer and should, therefore, be in a much better position to judge their safety.

"No one in the bureau of medicine would deny the value of occasional conferences with industry, particularly about technical details in the new drug applications. However, when a company representative spends three or four days a week in the new drug

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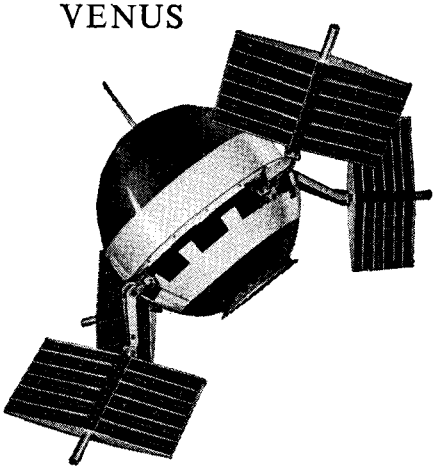

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branch offices, arguing each point step by step, wanting to know and being told exactly where the application is at all times and which chemists and which pharmacologists are assisting in its review, I submit that the medical officer responsible for making a wise decision in the interest of the public is suffering under an almost insurmountable handicap."

As an illustration, Dr. Moulton testified in detail about one drug application she handled. It was from Wyeth Laboratories for a new "tranquilizer." She considered the data incomplete and so advised the drug company. "A few days later," she said, "I was invited to attend a clinical conference on this drug at a nearby hospital. Science writers were also invited to this conference, at which it was announced that the drug would be released in a week or two for general sale to physicians. Moving pictures were shown, illustrating dramatic recoveries in psychotic patients, and in general portraying the drug in an extremely rosy light."

In the meantime Dr. Moulton's testimony continues, "more detailed review of the application revealed numerous other problems needing resolution before one could be satisfied as to the safety of the drug. . . . Some of these problems were discussed with the firm over the telephone as their representative was calling me several times a week to inquire when I would release the drug. Each time I said that I was not satisfied with the evidence of safety and did not expect to release it without more data.

"Soon an interveiw was requested and four representatives of the company appeared. The chief of the new drug branch joined the conference, unexpectedly as far as I was concerned, and informed the firm that Food and Drug Administration would release the drug without proof of safety for chronic use, and without waiting for completion of the pharmacologic studies. I am reasonably sure that my chief had not at that time reviewed the data in the new drug application but was acting solely on instructions from above."

In another case, Dr. Moulton testified she tried to require the maker of a new drug to include on the drug label a warning against drug addiction. This time she appealed directly to the head of F&DA's bureau of medicine. She quoted him as saying, "I will not have my policy of friendliness with industry interfered with."

"It is important that we . . . make some attempt to dispel the myth that we are protecting the consumer completely," Dr. Moulton pleaded with her Senatorial hearers. In evidence, she submitted this succinct summation of the status quo in F&DA:

"A medical officer in the New Drug Branch has power to release any new drug on his own initiative, without review by any of his colleagues. To refuse to release a new drug, however, he must have the unanimous support of the chief of the new drug branch, the director of the bureau of medicine, the Commissioner [of F&DA], and usually also the director of the bureau of enforcement and the general counsel."

F&DA Commissioner Larrick followed Dr. Moulton on the Senate witness stand. He entered categorical denials to her main accusations. The Commissioner's superior, HEW Secretary Flemming, took no such dogmatic attitude. Mr. Flemming acknowledged the seriousness of her charges. He announced his intention to set two groups of investigators loose in F&DA—one a panel of scientists to be named by National Academy of Sciences president Detlev Bronk to scrutinize F&DA decisions and procedures for scientific integrity, the other a panel of prominent citizens to inquire into the ethical and legal propriety of acts of individual F&DA officials. Secretary Flemming also declared his support for tighter regulation of drug manufacture and marketing, including broader and more continuous inspection *prior to* shipment of drugs from the factory.

SENATOR Estes Kefauver, the Tennessee Democrat whose insistence on pushing a drug investigation over the protests of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association brought F&DA's publicly unsuspected weaknesses into the open, moved immediately to enact into law his version of the toughest proposal Secretary Flemming had committed the Eisenhower administration to. In mid-June, the Senator introduced a bill to amend the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act to (1) legally define a "new drug" as a drug that is both safe and effective and (2) vest in the HEW Secretary the duty of licensing persons engaged in the manufacture and sale of prescription drugs.

In the face of the Senate drug hearing record, the Federal Trade Commission decided not to discipline Chas. Pfizer and Co., Inc., for distributing misleading ads about Sigmamycin. The ads were misleading, the FTC conceded, but it upheld its hearing examiner's contention that that was irrelevant; even if doctors who were said to have used the drug had not used it, there were other doctors who did use it.

One wonders whether the FTC Commissioners grasped the significance of their own decision. They might have done so by scrutinizing the drug hearing record more closely. The record shows that the great majority of favorable clinical reports on Sigmamycin came not from the United States but from other lands where medical standards are lower than here. The Senate record also indicates that it was in Pfizer International—not in the domestic branch of the Pfizer company—that the draft of Dr. Welch's baptismal blessing of Sigmamycin was edited. The Senate record also strongly suggests that the offices of Pfizer International's advertising agency—McAdams International—and the MD Publications offices of Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez were one and the same in 1954 and were together moved in that year to a small four-story building at 15 East 62nd street in Manhattan. The 1959-60 telephone directory lists 15 East 62nd street as the address of the McAdams guiding brain, Dr. Arthur Sackler, and his two brothers, Drs. Mortimer and Raymond Sackler. During the year 1959 paychecks of some of the employes of the Sackler brothers at 15 East 62nd street were made out in the name of Pharmaceutical Research Center, a division of Synergistics, Inc. W-2 income tax forms related to those checks bore the legend: "Synergistics, Inc., c/o Siegel and Goldburt, 1440 Broadway." The Senate record identifies Mr. Louis Goldburt, of the firm of Siegel and Goldburt, as chief accountant for MD Publications and as the trusted emissary who was chosen to go to London in 1956 and there to negotiate for them a contract for inauguration of an international edition of *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy,* one of the journals Dr. Welch edited for MD Publications. (According to the Senate record, those negotiations were made possible by an investment of $100,000 that came to MD Publications from the Parke Davis drug house through its advertising agency, A. W. Frohlich and Co.)

What is the whole story of the relationships among Pfizer International, McAdams International, and MD Publications? Who are the two as yet unidentified other owners, with Dr. Ibanez, of MD Publications? Is there anything more than financial significance in the fact that, of Dr. Welch's $287,000 income outside the government, approximately one fourth came from Pfizer purchases of reprints, extra text pages and advertising in MD Publications?

These questions the Senate drug marketing investigators are now pursuing. The answers may illuminate Dr. Moulton's testimony that it is "not merely in this country" that people feel the effects of F&DA's failure to enforce its mandate to protect the public well-being.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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". . . a time of . . . peril unparalleled."

A FEDERALIST PAPER FOR THE 1960s

By JOHN C. HONEY

THIS being a time of national and cultural peril unparalleled in American history, it is perhaps not too imaginative to speculate about some elements of our constitutional system and their utility for the present. We seldom reflect on the possibility that the act of genius of 1789, if blindly adhered to in the twentieth century, may spell national failure. We infrequently ponder on whether the rate of adaptation to modernity which our system of judicial review permits is so slow that as a nation we may already be on the brink of displacement as a great power. The economic and political values which motivated the framers of the Constitution were eighteenth-century responses to mercantilism, autocratic government, and the needs of a loosely knit agrarian community. The tightly interwoven, heavily populated, complex society of today may not be able to function effectively upon terms set so long ago.

Do we find, for example, a frustration of the means for framing and enunciating national purpose in the built-in competition between Presidency and Congress? History, and administrative experience, demonstrate beyond doubt that strong institutions have strong spokesmen. Under our prevailing system of checks and balances, Presidential leadership of a high order comes about only through the juxtaposition of crisis situations and forceful personalities. We have no assured continuity of leadership in the office of the Presidency, and hence one of our primary sources for the generation and articulation of national purpose is in constant ambiguity. The office of the Presidency, freed from some of the constraints of Congressional review, less limited in ultimate program and fiscal responsibility, and more able to move at home and abroad—that is, unhampered by Congressional and judicial pressures—might be a source of national purpose which is now seriously wanting.

Under such circumstances there could be a resolution of one of the important issues affecting science that has confounded the federal government for many years, namely, the level of support to be devoted to fundamental research. There is no absolute answer to the problem; whether we encourage basic research depends on many factors. For example, does the scientific community find the flow of basic knowledge adequate, or is much applied and developmental work frustrated because we lack underlying facts? Are other nations supplying us with basic knowledge, and is this a reasonable arrangement given our own strong inclinations to applied and practical work? Are the talents of the scientific community for fundamental research being adequately utilized or are they being diverted to the production of hardware? These considerations and many others go into the ultimate formulation of a position on fundamental research. If the national interest suggests, after reasonable exploration, that increased funds must be diverted to basic research, the strong Presidency could effect such a move. As it is, the currents that flow around the processes of making funds available for fundamental research are so numerous and unpredictable that real doubt remains as to how well the national interest has been served.

While we tend to argue that what emerges from the prevailing system of give and take serves, in general, the common good, this supposition, too, must be questioned. It is conceivable in an age of rapid change and ever rising challenge that the pressures exerted through this system reflect a parochialism which has little bearing on the true national interest.

Similar doubts must be raised about the efficacy of the constitutional distribution of responsibilities between states and central government. The trend has long been toward the modification of the states from sovereign powers within the federal framework to administrative units. Can we risk awaiting the outcome of the evolutionary process, or are more radical measures implied, such as possible constitutional reform?

These are profound and serious questions, ones which students of government and administration may need to explore in earnest as the challenge of Communist accomplishment grows.

In the absence of clear national goals which the nation is striving to fulfill it is not possible to develop in our research and development programs the sharp sense of direction and purpose which will permit a determination of priorities and emphases. The technically trained man in automotive engineering is, under the prevailing scheme of things, performing work no different in value from that done by the engineer engaged in government rocket research. Indeed, if wages be the criterion, we place a considerably higher value on automotive engineering.

THERE are profound implications for American society in the realization that the Communist competition is demanding that we set priorities and direct application of our inevitably limited resources to those activities which most directly affect and serve the national interest. One can foresee the modification of our entire system of production and distribution, with controlled output of consumer goods and a severe restriction on the peculiarly American institution of "want creation" as a likely development. Public service oriented activities would expand faster than at present since the government would divert a higher proportion of the national

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income to education, research, health, housing and cultural endeavors.

IF such predictions are accurate the national government will need to devise and administer systems to control production and distribution. It will have to find means of diverting resources to socially desirable ends while retaining such essential ingredients of democratic society as widespread consultation and channels for the expression of dissent. A tremendous challenge will be presented to public administration.

Exploration of these larger social, economic, and cultural implications of the present crisis goes beyond the intended scope of this paper. However, we can appropriately look at the existing arrangements for program planning, especially with reference to how they affect the government's research and development activities.

Characteristically, federal operations are conceived on a short-term basis, reflecting the budget and appropriations system. Lacking long-term goals, government thinking is usually dominated by a "crash" and *ad hoc* atmosphere. The research and operating problems being faced reflect the questions which have previously been posed, and these in turn depend in great measure on the machinery employed.

At present, the broadest issues related to the national security and defense are handled in the National Security Council (NSC), which assesses the nation's security posture at any given time in the light of the evidence available and arrives at judgments which are then recommended to the President. The military research and development program is designed to be consonant with the policy positions which emerge from NSC deliberations and subsequent Presidential decisions. Crucial to the matter of how foresighted the NSC can be—how anticipatory of the major future lines of action which the government must pursue—is the nature of its planning. Authoritative critics say that since it is composed of several department representatives it suffers on two counts: first, the immediacy of operating responsibilities colors its sights and forces it to concentrate on the here and now rather than the future; and second, it can never serve as a detached, reflective agent to examine future needs and responsibilities of the government since it must try to resolve conflicting departmental views and come up with compromise solutions for the President.

Given such national security planning machinery it is not surprising that research and development planning has been too little oriented to the more distant future but rather too much concerned with immediate problems and conflicts. While there are many contributing factors, certainly the foregoing explains in part our failure with respect to space research. Farsighted planning would have included a vigorous program of outer space experimentation, recognizing the extreme significance to the free world of maintaining a posture of pre-eminence.

In another respect the National Security Council arrangement is highly unsatisfactory for planning purposes; one which bears directly on research and development. While the NSC has been concerned with the national supply of technical manpower, it has never been in a position to see this problem in the context of the entire problem of education in a democratic society. This is precisely because of the security orientation in the NSC mandate. Until the training of scientists and engineers can be dealt with as one facet of the national problem of future manpower needs, until their training can be planned for a substantial period ahead, say at least for ten or fifteen years, taking into account industrial, university, governmental and other requirements, we are bound to come up with fragmentary and distorted results.

IN recent months the Office of the Science Adviser to the President has expressed the view that we have need for long-range planning to determine the direction in which the national scientific effort should move. Indeed, the intention has been expressed by that office to engage in such planning. However, it seems certain that the planning of research and development, including attention to the problems of education and to the encouragement of basic research, needs an environment of greater generality and more detachment.

The other agency at the Presidential level which is, in fact, concerned with all activities of the executive branch is the Bureau of the Budget. Its functions of policy and fiscal review and the limitations inherent in this review process are almost too well known to mention. The Bureau has been, especially in recent years, the President's agent for effecting economy and for striving to bring expenditures and income into balance. But at no time in its history has the Bureau been sufficiently detached from the annual budget process to permit the kind of perspective on departmental and agency plans and programs, to allow it to qualify as a planning body.

One can readily construct a formula for the rational determination of goals and program plans to embrace the totality of government responsibility including research and development. This formula might consist of a Presidential planning board or chief of planning in the White House, equipped with staff and authority to muster the extensive information required to formulate long-term, five- or ten-year, goals and schedules of annual programs. With such a central planning body in the White House, complementary planning units might be found in each department and agency, and in the major subunits thereof. These would have access to common data about the national condition.

Formulas of this kind are easy to construct in the abstract, and are perhaps far from the reality of any national planning machinery of the future. But they serve to suggest the nature of the need, and speculation may be warranted since few public administrators, be they students, scholars or practitioners, if the literature is indicative, are directing much thought to such machinery.

NUMEROUS other opportunities for administrative inventiveness are at hand in the government's research endeavors. We need to develop really adequate arrangements for communicating research findings and to provide rewards and incentives to the scientist in the public service which are commensurate with his value and not simply with egalitarian philosophy. We need to channel funds to the secondary schools and universities for classroom and laboratory construction purposes, as well as to assure scholarships for all persons of sufficient ability to profit from higher education. We need to discover better means of expeditiously concentrating large-scale resources on major research problems, where the national interest is involved, and where the heavy cost of research tools precludes ordinary approaches. It would also be desirable to work out with the states allocations of mutual research responsibility.

However, attention on the part of public administrators to such specifics as these should not convey an impression that the government is now successfully meeting the competitive challenge from Soviet Russia. Only when we see a widespread public interest in facing the fundamental problems inherent in our own political and social structures can we feel hopeful that popular government may be able to meet the Communist challenge.

John C. Honey is an Executive Associate of the staff of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. He was for four years with the National Science Foundation, engaged in studies of national science policies. His observations here are taken from a paper he wrote for an American Academy of Political and Social Science study, "Perspectives on Government and Science" (The Annals, Vol. 327).

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

OPTIMISTIC OPPORTUNISTS

That's What All Good Research Men Must Be

THE SCIENTIFIC experimenter is, by bent and practice, an opportunist. He has to build upon the facts which are available to him when he begins his work, and he must use them to discover other facts, advancing stage by stage towards that eventual understanding of causal relations which he seeks. To the onlooker who makes a study at an advanced stage of the work, the experimenter's thinking must often appear wasteful, directed so far as specific stages are concerned, but wandering in relation to final issues, remarkably uneconomical in the sense that what may take the experimenter years to establish may take the expositor only a few minutes to describe.

The experimenter cannot move beyond the point for which methods and instrumentation are available. He may sometimes invent them; more often he adopts them from some source that may be well outside of his own immediate interests.

The experimenter must be able to use specific methods rigorously, but he need not be in the least concerned with methodology as a body of general principles. Outstanding "methodologists" have not themselves usually been successful experimenters.

Similarly, and for much the same reasons, the experimenter must, more and more as knowledge develops, be able to think with instruments. However "pure" his aims may be, he has to be able to practice a technique and to handle a technology. Far the most important aspect of the experimenter's need to master method and to handle apparatus is that in the majority of cases the method and the instrumentation are brought into his field of work from the outside.

At all stages of experimental science one of the principal uses of apparatus has been to aid and improve observation. Also at all stages whenever any experiment is performed there is always a lot more to observe than it is worth while observing. Consequently, one of the greatest requirements for successful experiment is to be able to "pinpoint" problems. This is what optics and the use of special lenses and lens systems did for the very early bacteriologists, what developments of the microscope did for the later ones, and what genetics and radiation analysis are doing in the study of bacteriophage. It is what amplification of very small electrical discharge, and the development of electronic recording and computing instruments have done in the study of reaction-time phenomena. To know where to look, as much as how to look, is a necessary step in experiment. Very often, perhaps always, it is a step that becomes possible when methods, apparatus, hints, or established findings are taken over from some field different from that in which they are to be applied. The identification of problem sites of outstanding concentration and importance has over and over again played a very great part in directing experimental research.

THE experimenter used to be pictured as always on the lookout for a "crucial experiment," and a crucial experiment was regarded as one which settled some question once and for all. It is perfectly true that, like all other thinkers, he is trying to reach conclusions, or terminal positions, which everybody else who has sufficient and sufficiently accurate information *must* accept. But this is neither all, nor is it the most important part of what he is trying to do, except in such cases, much more rare than is often supposed, in which, for the time being, his interests are narrowly practical ones. Almost without exception the prolonged course of experiments falls into phases, or stages, or periods. At intervals something happens which then sets the main stream of research for a long time to come. There is no accident about this; it is the regular course for experimental thinking to take. Original experimental thinking fills up a gap in a manner that commands assent, but also opens up many other gaps either not suspected before or not before susceptible of exact filling which now the more routine experimental thinking can deal with.

One of the most important features of these turning-points in experimental development is that they very often introduce methods and instrumentation new to the field of research involved, but already developed in some other region of investigation. But if the experimenter who . . . [makes the introduction] has any original impact upon his science he always does more than . . . [introduce]. He must adapt the new methods and instruments for use in his own field, and he must show that they can be used to reach a compelling answer to some current problems. and at the same time lead on to a number of further problems. Genuine advance usually means (1) the progressive pushing back of the boundaries of what are regarded as defined fields of investigation, (2) the establishment of smaller and smaller and also, as a rule, more and more units as centres of those causal relations and activities with which the particular scientific discipline concerned must deal, and (3) usually the identification of some of these units and groups of units as possessing differential functions that, in the next phase of development, are most likely to be worth investigation.

FOR example, Helmholtz brought into the study of nerve conduction the very method already established by the astronomers to measure the difference between one "personal equation" and another. He adapted the method so that he could measure time differences of response within what could be called a single length of motor nerve. He settled once for all that discharge along motor nerve takes a measurable time. Implicit in his experiment were a very large number of new . . . very important questions of the nature of the nerve impulse and more accurate and analysed measures of its rate. These had to wait for a long time till suitable apparatus was available.

The most important feature of original experimental thinking is the discovery of overlap and agreement where formerly only isolation and difference were recognized. This usually means that when any experimental science is ripe for marked advance, a mass of routine thinking belonging to an immediately preceding phase has come near to wearing itself out by exploiting a limited range of technique to establish more and more minute and specialized detail. A stage has been reached in which finding out further details adds little or nothing to what is known already in the way of opening up unexplored relations.

At the same time, however, perhaps in some other branch of science, and perhaps in some hitherto disconnected

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part of what is treated as the same branch, there are other techniques generating their own problems, opening up their own gaps. An original mind, never wholly contained in any one conventionally enclosed field of interest, now seizes upon the possibility that there may be some unsuspected overlap, takes the risk whether there is or not, and gives the old subject-matter a new look. Routine starts again.

If these general interpretations of the facts are accepted, I think three things follow.

There is no point in asking whether originality or routine plays the more important part in experimental science. Neither occurs without the other, or can so occur. All that we can say is that for every original mind a large number of routine minds must be set to work.

The conditions for original thinking are when two or more streams of research begin to offer evidence that they may converge and so in some manner be combined. It is the combination which can generate new directions of research, and through these it may be found that basic units and activities may have properties not before suspected which open up a lot of new questions for experimental study.

The thinker in the closed system is in the position of contemplating a finished structure. Very often this may be exceedingly complex and elaborate and the rules of its construction difficult to appreciate. The thinker is, however, in the position of a spectator searching for something which he must treat as being in some way "there" all the time. His search is rational but it is often emotionally sustained, and if it is, the emotion is appropriate to that which is associated with the contemplation of form and beauty of form, and is aesthetic or akin to the aesthetic.

The experimental thinker must use whatever tools may be available for adding to some structure that is not yet finished, and that he himself is certainly not going to complete. Because the materials that he must use have properties of their own, many of which he cannot know until he uses them, and some of which in all likelihood are actually generated in the course of their use, he is an explorer rather than a spectator. His thinking, too, is often emotionally sustained, and if it is, the emotion is one of those appropriate to the chase, to risk, to adventure, and to sport.

—Sir Frederic Bartlett,
in "Thinking,"

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LII

CHARTER OF EARTH FEVER: DR. VERNER E. SUOMI

He Marks the Ups and Downs of Planetary Temperature as His Instruments Record Them Out in Space

—Madison, Wisc.

THESE days Verner E. Suomi, a University of Wisconsin meteorologist, is charting the chills and fevers of Earth. He gets his data out of the sky by radio from the satellite Explorer VII. The "EEEEE-Ahnnn" bray of the satellite instruments tells Suomi how much energy the Sun is showering on to the Earth, how much of that energy is being reflected from the Earth and the clouds in the form of visible light, and how much of the invisible heat rays the Earth is radiating back into space.

It has long been known that solar energy reaching the Earth is balanced by the Earth's loss of heat. Otherwise, the Sun's third planet would grow either intolerably hot or intolerably cold. What has not been known—and still remains to be learned—is the detailed pattern of how the heat loss varies from one region of the Earth to another.

For example, it has been assumed that the amount of heat the Earth loses into space reaches a maximum over the Equator and diminishes gradually and proportionately in the higher latitudes. But the new maps Suomi is making with the help of Explorer VII indicate that this long-held assumption may be incorrect. In orbiting the planet from the Equator to fifty degrees North latitude the satellite has discovered a sudden chill in extra-terrestrial space at thirty degrees North.

The gradual diminution in temperature that occurs between the Equator and that point is broken by a sharp drop in the thermometer.

Mystifying at first, this phenomenon has since been explained by Tiros, the picture-taking satellite. Films from Tiros show a cloud front, apparently created by westerly winds, just where the break in temperature gradient appears. Those clouds act like the glass roof in a greenhouse, holding the Earth's heat below them. Farther south the upper sky is clear, allowing the solar energy radiated by Earth's surface to escape unimpeded.

It is such details as this that meteorologists need to complete their understanding of the gigantic and inefficient heat engine that comprises weather. As of now, they know only that weather is caused by the rising of over-heated Equatorial air and its movement to the north and south — countered by the spread of cold, dense, heavy air from the poles.

Suomi's heat budget experiment is one of six for which Explorer VII is equipped. The instruments for it were put aboard as a consequence of a casual conversation between Suomi and Dr. Joseph Kaplan, chairman of the committee of American scientists who helped to plan the International Geophysical Year. Dr. Kaplan had come to deliver a lecture at UW. Suomi, who had met him while studying at the University of Chicago, talked with him briefly before the lecture. Suomi mentioned reading in the newspapers that experiments were still needed for the Earth satellites then being proposed. Suomi said he had an experiment.

"Why not submit it?" Dr. Kaplan asked. "My life," Suomi says, "has not been the same since."

Working nights, Sundays and holidays, sometimes in his UW laboratory and sometimes in his basement workshop at home, helped by electronic engineering professor Robert J. Parent and encouraged by Dr. James Van Allen of the University of Iowa, Suomi spent two and a half years in preparation. Designing and building with him were Wayne B. Swift, UW professor of electrical engineering, and two project associates in the meteorology department, Charles R. Stearns and Harry H. Miller. Suomi gives much of the credit to them.

"The experiment is simple," he says, "but the hardware is complicated."

In the weather package aboard the Explorer VII are six spheres and hemi-

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—*Wisconsin U.*

Verner E. Suomi

spheres with thermisters inside. They measure the heat from the Sun, the sunlight reflected from the Earth, and erosion of the satellite shell by micrometeorites which might affect the accuracy of the heat measurements. The erosion detector is made of gold, the other sensors of thin-sheet silver. All are the size of ping-pong balls.

In direct sunlight, the temperature of one of the half spheres (painted black) is about 86° Fahrenheit. A white hemisphere is 50°. When Explorer VII is in the Earth's shade, heat emitted from the Earth gives the instruments temperatures of about 121° below zero Fahrenheit over polar regions and 92° below zero over the Equator. The instruments can detect changes as small as one thirteen hundredth of a degree.

The Sun radiates about 126 trillion horsepower of energy to the Earth every second. About forty-two per cent of this is reflected back into space immediately. Forty-three per cent reaches the surface of the Earth and is there converted into heat. The remaining fifteen per cent is absorbed by the atmosphere, trapped by water vapor and carbon dioxide. This trapping accounts for the rapid cooling of the desert at night, there being little atmospheric moisture to reflect the sand's heat back to the sand. In the tropics, by contrast, humid atmosphere reflects the Earth's heat rays and keeps the nights warm.

Ultimately the Earth has to lose as much heat as it gets. At night the outgoing radiation may amount to only one-tenth of a calorie per square centimeter at the surface, but at 100,000 feet above the Earth the heat loss per square centimeter is three or four times as great. This high altitude loss balances the heat budget. The details of the loss are the subject of Suomi's study.

Suomi's new charts are not like ordinary weather maps. They are covered with isolines—lines connecting points of equal radiation from the Earth, as the satellite instruments detect it. But their patterns correspond rather faithfully to the "highs" and "lows" of conventional meteorology. Indeed, if the data from Explorer VII were up-to-date when it reaches Suomi, he could use the isolines to map large-scale weather movements over areas of the Pacific where no weather observations are possible. Unfortunately, however, Explorer VII carries no memory device, hence cannot store information to await broadcast on Suomi's command. What the satellite learns on its passages over the South Pacific and over much of China and Russia is chattered wastefully into the sky. No one below is listening in those areas. At fifteen places elsewhere around the globe Explorer VII's endless talk is recorded on tapes which are mailed first to the primary contractor on the project, the Martin Company in Baltimore, and thence to the various experimenters concerned, including Suomi at UW here in Madison. By the time the Wisconsin scientist can draw up a map, he can forecast weather only retrospectively, checking his data on heat transfer between Earth and space against atmospheric events already past.

More sophisticated instruments with built-in memories are planned for future satellites. Even they, Suomi believes, will not supplant the local weather man. There are too many details of terrain to take into account before deciding such questions as where and when and for how long rain will fall.

In this matter of micro-climate, Suomi's opinions are not to be lightly dismissed. He might never have got his instruments into space to measure the heat budget of the Earth if he had not first measured the heat budget of a cornfield. How he got into the corn is the story of his life.

Suomi is forty-four years old. His name is of Finnish origin, and ought to be pronounced "Sue-WOE-me." Everyone at Wisconsin pronounces it "SUE-me," and Suomi is content with that. His father came from Turku, Finland, and his mother from Aoland Island, which lies between Finland and Sweden. Verner Suomi was born at Eveleth, Minn., one of two boys among seven children.

Verner's older brother, Anard (nicknamed "Pucky" for reasons since forgotten), now superintendent of an open pit taconite mine in northern Minnesota, helped pay Suomi's way through College. Suomi says his brother also imparted to him the philosophy that "desire is life, possession is nothing."

After being graduated in engineering from the Winona (Minn.) State Teachers college, Suomi taught science and mathematics at a Faribault (Minn.) junior high school. At the start of World War II he enrolled in a civil air patrol course and there learned the rudiments of meteorology. He found the weather so absorbing that he studied meteorology at the University of Chicago and remained to teach the subject to wartime fliers.

To qualify for his Ph.D. at Chicago in 1953, Suomi wrote a thesis on the heat budget of a cornfield. In carrying out the research reported in this paper, he lifted a section of two rows of corn out of the ground, taking along enough soil to sustain the roots for continuing normal growth. He transplanted these stalks in a pan two feet deep and then floated the pan in a five foot tank of water. He found that most of the sun's heat falling on the cornfield was used to evaporate moisture in the soil rather than to raise the temperature of the soil.

From this point of view, the whole Earth is essentially no different from a cornfield. The electronic circuitry involved in the auditing of the Earth's heat budget is infinitely more complex than the instrumentation required to study the corn rows, however, and Suomi (with no formal training in the discipline) has had to educate himself so thoroughly in electronics during the course of his satellite experiments that an electrical engineering society could take him in as an honorary member.

THE first UW heat budget instruments were aboard Vanguard III, which was fired June 22nd, 1959 but failed to orbit. Another Vanguard with a duplicate weather instrument package burned on the launching pad less than a month later. Explorer VII finally got the instruments up last October 12th. Since then, the radioed reports have occupied more than four hundred miles of magnetic tape.

Until recently Suomi and his colleagues at UW concentrated on a program to make the heat budget data usable. Now they can process data faster than they receive it. They feed tapes into a data-processing machine, and from it receive the satellite's facts about heat and sunlight radiation matched against latitude, longitude, and time.

Science is a part of Suomi's homelife even when he is not in the basement workshop. The roof of the house he designed for his family has an overhang calculated to admit the sun in winter, exclude it in summer. The air-conditioning system in the house is another piece of Suomi technology. Paula, Verner's wife (they have a daughter, sixteen, and two sons, fourteen and nine) contributes her share to the atmosphere by teaching seventh grade mathematics and baking home made bread. —JAMES C. SPAULDING.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Ralph R. Thompson.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Deeper into the mysteries of communication, some of which are, curiously, closer to our eyes than most of us are prone to think. We owe the greatest share of our knowledge of our environment to seeing and hearing. Special bits of data come in the form of tastes and smells. By far the biggest receptor we possess, however, has been neglected—the skin.*

A generation ago, scientists began to experiment with the skin as a means of talking to the deaf-blind. They made the mistake of assuming that the sounds of speech could be transmitted directly and understandably to the integument. They failed because the language in which we feel sensations of touch is a different tongue than the one our ears perceive. By the early 1930s, a young psychologist from Worcester, Mass. was ready to profit from their miscalculations. He set off on an

FRANK A. GELDARD
(University of Virginia)

OUR EYES and ears are our great informers of events in the outside world. Depending somewhat on how the information is to be used, what chains of responses it will set off, we cast messages in visual or auditory form. Yet it is possible that the simplest and most straightforward of all messages—emergency warnings and alerts—should be delivered through the skin.

Because of the relatively large areas available on the body's surface, there are a great many sites of potential skin stimulation, provided only that the transduction problem be suitably engineered. [For example, a telephone receiver transduces electric power from the phone line into acoustical power for transmission through the surrounding air to the ear drum.] Moreover, vast expanses of the skin are practically unused, except for regulation of the water and heat economies of our bodies. If we add the clear superiority of touch (when vision and hearing are lacking or impaired) to the chemical senses of smell and taste, we have a formidable set of properties to utilize in cutaneous message processing—a list that ought to challenge us to find ways to capitalize on it.

Now, two radically opposed approaches may be made in assessing the possibilities of cutaneous communication. One approach is to ask, for example, what is the skin's capacity for feeling and interpreting the disturbances present in a telephone receiver or other existing electro-mechanical transducer. The second approach is to ask how the properties of materials might be utilized in novel ways to get the most out of the senses.

What discriminations are possible for the skin? What is the stuff out of which a cutaneous language has to be built if it is to be optimally utilizable by the skin?

If one begins with repetitive mechanical impacts—vibration—there are available but a few stimulus dimensions of the first order: locus, intensity, duration, and frequency.

Locus has never been systematically investigated, though a good deal is known about it through the studies of a succession of workers in the University of Virginia psychological laboratory. W. C. Howell found that seven vibrators could be spaced on the ventral rib cage with 100 per cent identifiability of the locus, under his conditions. This is perhaps the limit of a practical cutaneous communication system. The chest accommodates five conveniently. However, systematic touch exploration of the entire body seems to be in sight for the first time as a result of a technical breakthrough in the summer of 1959 by my colleague R. C. Bice. He succeeded in modifying radically a transducer of the hearing-aid variety to provide strong, low frequency vibrations "readable" by the skin. He also found an ingenious way of utilizing fabric fasteners to couple the vibrator firmly to any chosen site of stimulation.

It is conceivable that nothing other than vibration in absolute cutaneous locus, suitably coded, is necessary to provide as complex a communication system as may be needed for many purposes. If this turns out to be the case, then the problem may be that of ascertaining whether rapid attentional leaps may be made from one body region to another—from the forehead to the left calf to the right shoulder blade, say—without benefit of psychoneurosis in any form.

What of intensity? Each part of the skin has its own absolute threshold, and each part has its susceptibility to discomfort and to damage by the triphammer action of vibrators. The average observer, under laboratory conditions and with the use of a careful psychophysical procedure, can detect about fifteen steps of intensity. Three steps might be widely spaced over this range to make a practical signaling system.

Duration of a continuous vibration can be judged with some precision if we eliminate durations of less than one-tenth of a second on the ground that a "buzz" much shorter than this is likely to be mistaken for a "nudge."

The skin's ability to discriminate frequencies of vibrations fades rapidly as the frequency scale is ascended. In the region that is best for speech sounds the skin does very badly indeed. Therefore, in our initial efforts to form a system of vibratory signals capable of being coded, only the three obviously useful dimensions of locus, intensity and duration were employed.

A SIMPLE alphabetic code was devised and applied so successfully that a subject who had invested a total of thirty hours in learning the alphabet of "vibratese" language could, after a further training period of only thirty-five hours, receive sentences with ninety per cent accuracy when these were transmitted at the rate of thirty-eight five-letter words per minute.

This performance in no wise represents the optimal one. With the same rules as those of international Morse code with respect to interword and intraword spacing, the system requires only 0.79 second to transmit the "average" five-letter English word. This means that the ceiling transmission rate is sixty-seven words per minute, a speed well over three times that of proficient Morse.

Much has been written about purifying and simplifying languages by the reduction of redundancy. Where intelligibility is less than optimal there is much to be said for making the language more, rather than less, redundant, and the vibratese language would doubtless benefit by this kind of doctoring.

What are the candidates here? Intensity variations as a function of time present one set of possibilities. A signal

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opposite approach. What, he asked himself, are the practical limits of an alphabet translatable by our bare bodies? Frank A. Geldard, his name was. He had left Clark University in 1928 (at the age of twenty-four years) to accept an associate professorship at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. First the Office of Naval Research and later the National Science Foundation saw merit in his investigations and supported them financially.

Today Dr. Geldard is a full professor, head of the University of Virginia's psychology department, and chief of its psychological laboratory. His studies now involve a staff of experimenters, including two other professors. A steady procession of graduate students comes and goes, leaving their contributions in the pages of theses. Professor Geldard includes among his extra-academic activities the chairmanship of the NATO advisory committee on defense psychology, but that responsibility seems to stimulate rather than to inhibit the steady flow of research papers from his lab. The latest of these documents was published in Volume 131, Number 3413 of Science, *official journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The report below is a briefened adaptation from that review of current understanding of the skin.*

may be imposed on the skin quite abruptly or more gradually, just as in music one may have variations in attack, "hitting" a tone or "sliding into" it. A second possibility is wave form. Wave form variations should be discriminable if the basic frequency is low enough. Another patterning of stimuli involves space as well as time. As in vision, the successive stimulation of two separated receptive areas, provided only that the temporal relations are right, leads to perceived movement.

THE phenomenon of cutaneous movement is an extraordinarily powerful one; it is highly attention-demanding. Place a ring of vibrators around the body (for example, three across the front and three across the back of the thorax), energize them successively with a one-tenth second temporal separation, and there is felt a vivid "swirling" motion, entirely novel in the experience of most people, because the observer seems to be at the center of it! This effect is a completely prepossessing one, and, accordingly, it is an ideal one for coding in a different fashion, as a warning signal to be infrequently used but capable of highly significant coding. It would do valiant service attached to a "panic button."

This raises the important question of the ultimate place of the cutaneous channels in the total communication picture. Coding to letters and numerals is really a quite pedestrian way of getting meanings into tactile patterns. There are, to be sure, obvious ways of making such a system "fly" at a faster rate. One way would be to code the vibratory signals to phonemes, the individual sounds of speech. We have not attempted it because of the prodigious investment entailed in learning the phonemes themselves, but it ought to be tried. It is possible that there may be developed an entirely novel cutaneous shorthand, one capitalizing on distinctively tactile properties.

Possibilities for cutaneous communication are by no means confined to conventional language, of course. Other kinds of information may be imparted tactilely. Rates, amounts, directions—anything falling on unidimensional or bidimensional continua—could presumably be communicated to the skin by way of suitably patterned mechanical impacts or sequences of them.

One of our experiments has been carried out by lining up three vibrators across the chest, letting them be successively energized to give the impression of continuous movement in one direction or the other, such that the "arrowhead" always "points to" the target, and with the vibratory sequences temporally spaced to indicate degrees of urgency in getting back "on target."

Ten subjects manipulated a steering wheel in response to these tactile signals. Ten others were guided by lights instead of the skin stimulation. The vibratory performance was in no wise inferior to the visual. Although the tracking task imposed on the subjects was one that would keep all but the speediest vehicles comfortably on course, the skin handled the assignment fully as well as the eye.

Currently, there is being tested a bidimensional vibratory display designed to signal both "right-left" and "up-down" deviations from the target, such as occur in following a glide path or keeping a missile on course. There is every indication that the system will do what is expected of it. The value for situations in which vision and hearing are pre-empted, for one reason or another, is obvious.

Another whole domain of possibilities opens up when we consider that only one form of energy, the mechanical, has thus far entered our calculations. Whereas not much is to be hoped for from the chemical and thermal forms of stimuli—they are both too ponderous in their operation to be of much use in communication; at best they could only provide the analogs of smoke signals—there is the whole important realm of electrical stimulation.

THE skin responds with lively patterns to both direct and alternating current. Indeed, the heart of the problem is that the patterns are, in general, somewhat too lively for comfort. We have devoted several years of intensive effort to finding the conditions of electrical stimulation that can be reproduced on demand and will yield codable vibratory patterns unaccompanied by pain. The problem has turned out to be a slippery one. Electricity triggers everything, as physiologists well know. However, the important stimulus parameters are few in number, and my colleague John F. Hahn has been able to isolate the really significant one in skin stimulation.

Where square waves are employed and are systematically varied in frequency and duration, it turns out that absolute threshold is related not at all to frequency but only to duration. This fundamental discovery permits us to narrow our search for the basic medium of reception in electrical sensitivity of the skin. The great stumbling block thus far is the omnipresent pain. While, under some reproducible conditions, pain tends to adapt out in continuous signaling, leaving behind a not too unpleasant tingle, it is doubtless asking too much in practical communication situations to expect anyone to tolerate even transient discomfort.

I have indicated some of the kinds of things it would be important to know for further investigation of the cutaneous communication problem. There are many others. We have not yet really begun to look carefully into the communication possibilities offered by the human integument or even into the bare facts that provide the possibilities.

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Prometheus

Continued from page 11

estimable single-mindedness who was concerned only with getting the dirt off the street. This machine simply sucked up the dirt and blew it across the landscape. Now the sweeper turned into the street on which the bus terminal fronted. Before the weary crowd could see what was coming, the hurricane of dirt roared down upon them, leaving a melee of screaming women and weeping children, smarting eyes and ruined hair-dos. The driver did not even look back.

That was Oak Ridge. It was like living in the tenement section of fairyland.

One August morning several of us were absorbed in a ticklish operation involving some nasty radioactive material when two of the girls from the counter room burst in, wild-eyed and almost incoherent. "It's on the radio—the United States has used the atomic bomb—all about Oak Ridge. . . !"

Outside, our secret was being loosed upon an incredulous world. Radio stations flashed the President's announcement, newspapers proclaimed it in black headlines, and one hapless editor heralded the advent of the atomic age with a single-column head low on the front page: US USES NEW TYPE BOMB. At a small broadcasting station in West Virginia, Martha Sturm glanced curiously at the news teletype. She tensed, shouted to the announcer, "Here, put this on, it's important!" Martha had been in my astronomy class at Denison when I had talked about relativity and $E = mc^2$.

I would like to be able to say that I felt at once the fateful implications of Hiroshima, and foresaw the perilous balance of power that would threaten the world. I did not. I felt only a terrible elation, only the electrifying realization that the war was over. I felt it for my brothers who were on their way to invade Japan, I saw it reflected in the shining eyes of the girls whose men were overseas. Less obtrusively, we all felt pride of achievement. We had helped do a bold and difficult job, and had stopped a war in its tracks. That was enough for the moment. Second thoughts came later.

For me, they came when I picked up a paper and saw in block letters: TERROR BOMB HITS NAGASAKI. I felt suddenly sick. Hiroshima had been the climax, both for us and for the Japanese, and I realized that I had not expected a repetition of its horror. *Why hadn't we given them more time*?

All of us assumed that a Japanese armistice would automatically signal a holiday. But, as the negotiations approached their conclusion, the word went out on the radio and on billboards: "There will be no cessation of work in the event of an armistice. Everyone is expected to stay on the job to make the peace secure." We were not pleased. Many people had worked devotedly on the project throughout the war, and all of us felt the urgent need to acknowledge the emotional climax of the struggle, to blow off steam and savor the victory. (VJ Day, the day of formal surrender, *was* a holiday at Oak Ridge; but by that time nobody was interested.)

On the day of the armistice, nearly everyone in Clinton Laboratories came to the plant as ordered. In the Physics Division, we drifted into the library and began to talk. Little conversational nuclei took shape, men sitting on chairs or tables or just standing. The driving purpose that had ordered our energies was gone, and I think everyone felt to some extent a sense of disorientation, of slackness, of loss of direction.

The evolution of that day's discussions was remarkable. Certainly everyone had given some thought to the long-range consequences of the bomb and the problems it would raise after the war. Only a few weeks earlier, we had called an impromptu meeting to consider a petition to the President that Leo Szilard had drafted, urging certain restraints on the use of the bomb. Yet on this day of armistice we did not talk immediately of these larger issues. We griped about the denial of a holiday, and the poor food in the plant cafeteria, and the inadequate bus service. As these common irritations were aired, the little knots of conversation melted and flowed into a more general participation, and the discussion began to find direction. It was as if we had to recapitulate consciously the frustrations and vexations that had been denied outlet, to bring ourselves up to date emotionally, before we could look into the uncertain future.

EVEN then, our first concerns were for our own professional prospects, and for the future of Clinton Laboratories and other atomic enterprises. We wondered what company or agency would run the laboratory, or whether the special atomic laboratories might be disbanded and the work transferred to universities and industrial plants. Especially we wondered what role the military would play in postwar atomic developments. We knew as did few others that the bomb represented not merely a weapon but a radical new technology, and we felt strongly that atomic energy and the problems it would create needed to be dealt with through open, democratic processes.

Near the end of that holiday in the physics library, we found ourselves confronting gingerly and with only rudimentary awareness the key questions that were to engage us so intensely in the times ahead. People would need to be informed, educated to the potentialities of this new frontier. They would have to be warned of its terrible threat, assured of its hidden promise. But public education would take time. We must watch the immediate reactions of Congressmen and other people in government, be alert to any hasty, ill-informed developments of policy. And beyond all this loomed a shadowy portent that we were not yet ready to think about, the problem of international rivalries in the atomic age.

YET in the months that followed I began to feel that the specific horror of atomic war had obscured the real meaning of the Manhattan District Project. What it signified was that mankind was moving into a new order of power over itself and the environment, and that henceforth the consequences of man's acts must be weighed with utmost caution. This idea forced itself upon me in various guises, but one example will serve.

A possibility that had to be evaluated by the scientists at Los Alamos before the first bomb test was that the conditions created in the explosion, unprecedented on earth, might set off an atomic chain reaction in the earth's crust or atmosphere. Physical theory advances conservatively, and predicts most of the consequences of untried experiments in the fields it comprehends. Yet it had not foretold the fission of uranium. Conceivably, the world of the atom might hold other surprises that could be disastrous.

The risk turned out to be nil, and nobody, even before the test, thought it was very great. But the sobering thought that sticks with me is that—given the imperfect state of our understanding—a finite risk of world-wide chain reaction had to be assumed, and that a handful of specialists working in secret weighed the arguments and decided to hazard the planet.

Oh, yes. Old John Hendrix prophsied that the city on the Black Oak Ridge would later be called Paradise.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Frank Norris: "The Wolf." 2. Philip Freund: "Stephanie's Son." 3. Aeschylus: "The Eumenides." 4. Ramón Sender: "The Villa Julieta." 5. Sigrid Undset: "The Cross." 6. J. R. R. Tolkien: "The Return of the King."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1371

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

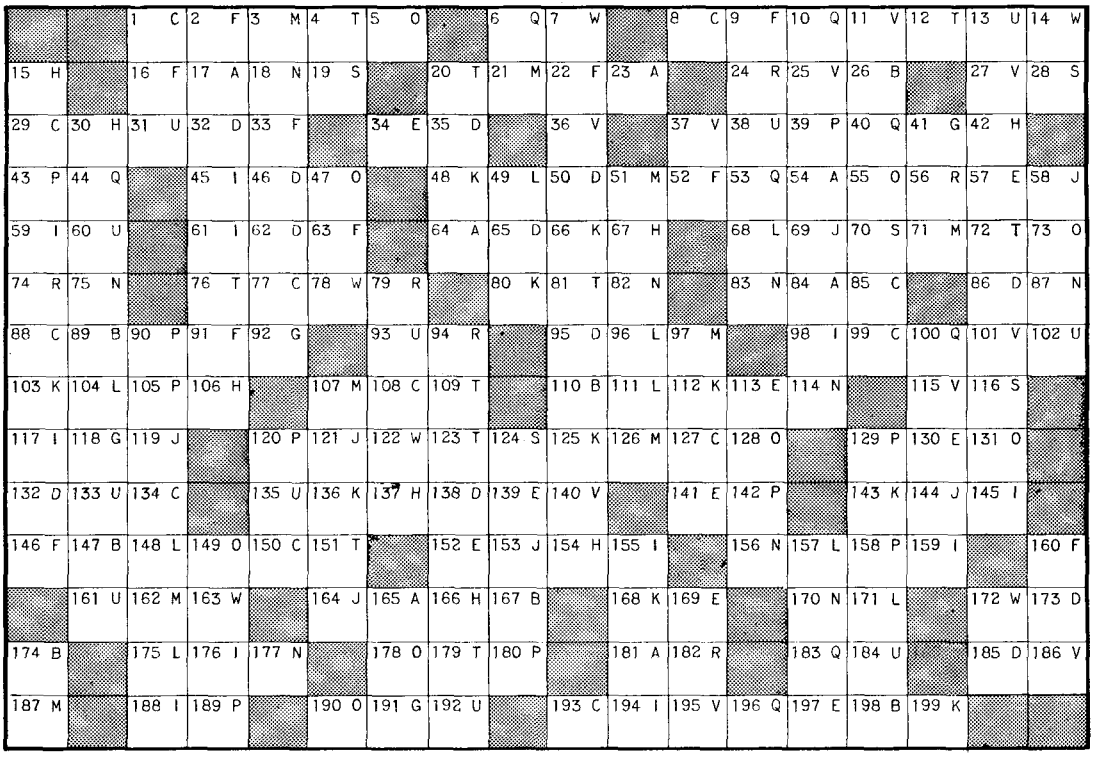
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Supreme Being.	64 23 165 181 17 54 84
B. Gave a new time of occurrence to.	198 174 110 89 167 26 147
C. The batswing coral (2 wds.).	108 77 85 150 8 193 29 99 127 1 88 134
D. Produced; gave birth to (2 wds.).	86 32 46 65 138 185 50 35 62 173 132 95
E. At odds (3 wds.).	34 130 152 139 169 141 197 113 57
F. Device for making succession of exposures to obtain filter ratios of color-sensitive materials (photog.).	22 160 91 146 16 9 2 63 33 52
G. U.S. state whose official flower is the red carnation.	41 92 118 191
H. Newly born or about to come into being.	15 166 137 106 30 154 42 67
I. Pertaining to a select group (3 wds. sounding like an antonym of Word E).	176 61 155 117 159 98 45 145 59 188 194
J. Pallid.	164 69 144 58 121 119 153
K. Half the celestial globe.	163 136 48 80 66 112 143 103 125 199

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Description of anything very simple to interpret or to construct (3 wds.).	111 157 104 175 49 171 68 96 148
M. Colloquial for at any rate.	3 21 162 97 107 187 126 71 51
N. A characteristic of the leader of the German Reformation.	75 177 83 114 18 87 170 82 156
O. Having slender, tapered digits.	178 5 190 131 149 73 47 128 55
P. Popular informational TV program (3 wds. after "You").	129 120 158 180 90 142 189 39 43 105
Q. Most soiled and rumpled.	6 183 44 196 53 10 40 100
R. *French diplomat and soldier, marshal; father of Cinq-Mars (1581-1632).*	79 182 94 56 74 24
S. Said of a coast abounding in hidden and dangerous rock ledges.	19 124 28 116 70
T. Considering the present situation only (3 wds.).	12 179 81 20 72 76 123 4 151 109
U. Traditionally, the poorest of creatures (2 wds.).	60 135 192 102 13 133 161 93 31 184 38
V. Sparsile stars.	195 27 115 11 37 25 186 140 36 101
W. Any large body of water in Cent. Africa, lake or river.	122 7 172 163 78 14

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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"No, I haven't read it, I've been meaning to!"

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